THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1880.

THE REASONING OF THE SCIENTISTS.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for October the Lord Bishop of Carlisle reviews Huxley's "Crayfish." The perusal of that paper has suggested to us some thoughts on the logic of some of our most celebrated scientists.

Prof. Huxley says that if the hand be brought near a crayfish, it immediately darts backward out of reach. If, however, a piece of meat be presented, it will immediately seize and devour it. To the question, Why? the answer is obvious, viz: that in the one case there is a sense of danger, and in the other a desire for food. But this Prof. Huxley deems far from satisfactory. He says: "The problem is an utterly insoluble one, as nothing short of being a crayfish would give us a positive assurance that such an animal possesses consciousness."

People who are not philosophers themselves, often wonder why it is that so many claiming to be scientists, who have a reputation for wisdom, should become atheists. The solution of this is to be found not in the amount of knowledge they attain, not in the extent of their researches, but in their *mode of reasoning* from the facts. And this places them, with all their learning, on the level with commonsense persons who are not philosophers. Let us see if this be not so.

The crayfish, or common crab, darts back and hides the moment he sees your hand put down into the water to seize it. It comes forward and clasps in its claws the piece of meat placed before it. The scientist observes these facts, and records them. We admit the facts. Fortunately they are such as we can verify at any time ourselves, taking good care not to bring the hand too near the claws of the crab, lest we should find another fact for the scientist to record, viz: that the animal can defend himself as well as retreat in danger.

Admitting the facts, then, we come to reasoning upon them, to see what conclusion may be drawn. And here any person of well-regulated mind is as competent as Prof. Huxley. In fact we are not sure that the ordinary reasoner is not more competent than the Professor; for he has no preconceived theory to establish. The question, then, is, Why does the crab hide under a stone when you try to seize him? Why does he grasp the food offered to him? We should doubt the commonsense of that person who would not reply, Because in the one case he experiences a sense of danger, and in the other he has an appetite for food. But this is not the reply Prof. Huxley gives. He admits "Nothing can seem to be simpler or more satisfactory." Here, then, we have one explanation of the existence of scientific atheism: when a fact is established, and we would account for it, we are not bound to accept "the most simple and satisfactory explanation."

But why not? Prof. Huxley admits that these replies are "most simple and satisfactory" "until we attempt clearly to conceive what they mean;

and then the explanation, however simple it may be admitted to be, hardly retains its satisfactory character." Let us apply the test of commonsense to this. We ask any person of ordinary intelligence, *How do you know* that these actions of the crab indicate the consciousness of danger and an appetite for food? The answer would seem just as "simple and satisfactory" as the other, viz: because this is precisely the way in which all animals, man included, who do have "consciousness" of danger or "desire" for food, conduct. He exhibits signs of fear and of preference. He is therefore conscious of those feelings.

But Prof. Huxley, when he treats of the eye and the ear of the crayfish, grants that it is led by the use of these to approach some objects and avoid others, and in this sense can both see and hear. We may, therefore, says he, be "justified in supposing the existence of something approaching a dull feeling in ourselves"; and "so far as such obscure consciousness accompanies the molecular changes of its nervous substance, it will be right to speak of mind in a crayfish." But this "obscure consciousness" or "mind," he says, it is absurd to consider "as a factor in the work done by the organism."

No one of course is disposed to doubt that the "mind" and the sensations of lower organizations are inferior to those of beings higher in the scale of creation. But their "appetites" may be more craving than ours, and so may some of their senses be more acute.

In fact, such can be proved to be the case. But Prof. Huxley seems to have a theory which prevents his adopting the "most simple and satisfactory" conclusions to be drawn from facts which he brings to light. And here we have his theory: "The preservation of the individual and the continuance of the species are the final causes of the organization of an animal." If for this purpose the animal exists, then everything that does not contribute to it is superfluous. Hence, if from the conduct of the lower orders we infer that they are capable of happiness after their manner, and find enjoyment in their mode of life, this is a mere hypothesis, which Prof. Huxley thinks cannot be proved, for this is not the final cause of their organization.

There is another theory also which materialist philosophy adopts, and which may possibly have something to do with denial of any conscious purpose in the actions of the lower orders. Hæckel says "The magnet that attracts iron filings, the powder that explodes, the steam that propels the locomotive, are all living bodies; they act by living force exactly as does the sensitive mimosa, which folds up when its leaves are touched; as does the venerable amphioxus, which buries itself in the sand; as does the man who thinks."

The idea of creation, and consequently of a Creator, Prof. Huxley does not tolerate at all. But suppose a plain, commonsense man to admit all the facts which this philosopher brings forward—nay more, to admit the theory of evolution itself—when he has gone so far back as the very first atom of matter, there would still be a problem unsolved—whence *this atom?*—and the only possible reply for commonsense to accept, is, Creation; a Creator. We say this is the only possible reply, because it is the only reply the mind of man has ever given, save when it has been trammelled by a theory. Prof. Huxley speaks of "the philosophical worthlessness of the hypothesis of creation." Why worthless? Here is the answer: "It

is the same thing as an admission that the problem is not susceptible of solution." The plain English of which is that Creation explains what philosophy cannot, for the Professor will allow of no solution but a "scientific" solution. To admit the existence of a Creator, then, would be to upset Prof. Huxley's philosophy, and therefore it is philosophically "worthless."

The cosmology of Plato placed the Logos at the beginning of Creation. The "Nous," or Divine Reason, was at the beginning of all things. That system kept ever clear of polytheism, pantheism, and materialism. All the Greek and Oriental religions preceding the Platonic Cosmology, were either grossly polytheistic, or broke down in pantheism or atheism. The Christian philosopher recognizes the great truth "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That fundamental truth saves him from the degrading conclusion that alike the conceptions of the poet and the theories of the philosopher are but manifestations of mechanical force; that the universe itself is but the working out of a piece of machinery, without design, without a designer; for no Almighty Mind ever planned it; all is the outcome of a mechanical Force.

And yet Christian and anti-Christian philosophers have the same facts brought before them. The one finds "the most simple and satisfactory explanations" in harmony with his fundamental postulate; the other can save his theory only by *rejecting* "the most simple and satisfactory explanations" of the phenomena of nature.

Self-love is a medium of a peculiar kind; in cases of injury it magnifies everything which is amiss in others, at the same time that it lessens everything amiss in ourselves.—*Bishop Butler.*

THE PASSION PLAY.

At this present writing, the *determination* is expressed to bring the Passion Play before a New York audience. The hope that the manager having the matter in contemplation, would see fit to recede from his position has proved to be vain. We find on this subject a communication written by Bishop Coxe in *The Independent.* He holds that there can be no justification of the Passion Play under any circumstances. At first, "it was the simple peasantry of an obscure German town, whose piety took this shape three or four times in a century." It is looked at as a relic of the Middle Ages, and apologized for accordingly. Then it strikes the fancy of the present age, and there is a rush of English and Americans to the sequestered valley. The play is advertised after the style of the day, and made an attraction for "Cook's Tourists," who sit eight hours long "amid the jest and irreverent peanut-munching of boys and heartless unbelievers and reporters."

But the idea of such a representation under any circumstances is revolting. The Bishop says:

To find a man, first of all, who can consent to personate "God manifest in the flesh"; to drill him, next, into a mimic of the unknown agonies of the Redeemer on the Cross; to put him through the mockery of *rehearsals,* teaching him how to writhe and how to imitate the inimitable, the insufferable Majesty of Divine Love upon the Cross; then, day after day, to exhibit him to crowds, with all the accessories of the Passion, with the words of salvation and stupendous atonement, and with the wounds and bleeding of the Lamb of God horribly materialized and degraded into a sham, red ochre, and stage-effect! Was ever Christ crucified afresh in so gross and terrible a fashion?

But we are constantly reading accounts from the clergy and others of

the impressiveness of the scene, and of the salutary influence it cannot fail to exert. But there are two sides to this. We have met with some who are not quite so favorably impressed, and it seems that Bishop Coxe has also had the same experience:

Two letters from the scene have chanced to fall under my notice. They were written to friends at home, and were never meant for the public eye. In one, a well-meaning young man, who went to the spectacle with an idea that it was a sort of pious thing to do, writes to his father that it was *solemn*, or would have been but for the people about him (mostly Americans), who behaved as at any other play—eating and talking and jesting. Another, a man of great refinement, who was dragged to the scene reluctantly, because the party with which he travelled wished to go, speaks of it as an unspeakably *painful* thing, "from which he and the ladies with him were frequently obliged to turn away their eyes. It was too awful to behold." Others speak of the *fascinating* horror of the show. They think it may do in such a rustic bypath as Ammergau, but on the whole doubt as to its good effects even there. Others, again, who gave themselves up to the tide of the drama, profess to be edified. Let us hope their pious patronage will not induce some panoramic Barnum to "bring it out" in America, and drag it through the country, to be acted in "big tents," with flaming show-bills of the Crucifixion on every village fence. Last year it was proposed to do this in England, but outraged decency could not keep silence, and it was frowned down.

In the New York *Mirror* have been printed letters from Christian pastors of all denominations, and even Jewish rabbis, deprecating the production of such a play on the American stage. It was brought out in San Francisco. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Smith, writing from that city to the *Mirror*, says: "Such a shock to the moral sensibilities of every true man and woman raised such a storm of condemnation from every denomination, and all the better class of people, that the attention of the authorities was called to the matter at once." The manager refused to withdraw the representation, and at the next meeting of the Board of Supervisors a law was passed suppressing the performance.

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," has recently visited this country in the interests of a colony of Englishmen at New Rugby, in Tennessee. While in this city he, at the request of a number of citizens, delivered an address explaining the system of coöperation, as carried out in England, and to some extent in this country. A number of our best citizens have felt and expressed much interest in the matter, and steps have been taken to set on foot a scheme for putting the principles into operation. The Rev. Dr. Rylance, who has in sermons and other ways proved his interest in the cause of elevating the workman, and who has spoken plainly to Christian capitalists of their duty, followed Mr. Hughes's address with some appropriate remarks.

The wide separation between classes, the jealousies, envy, and other manifestations of ill-feeling, have been a source of deep anxiety in the Church and in society. We have learned what communism and nihilism can do in Europe, and we may well tremble in anticipation of what they may do here. The clergy have remonstrated with the employers, and endeavored to persuade them that their own welfare would be promoted by the creation of other ties than those of mere work and wages—that if they would have their workmen serve them with fidelity and good will, they must exhibit an interest in their welfare. The laborers also have been appealed to

to let higher motives enter into the performance of their tasks. But still discontent and alienation increase, the advocates of socialism and communism are gaining disciples, and we cannot shut our eyes to dangers ahead.

It is believed that while moralists and political economists are perplexed over the problem which confronts them, Providence is taking the matter in hand and opening the way to a solution.

The laborer toils long hours for wages which scarce serve to keep him and his family from want in most unlovely homes. Out of doors he is surrounded by temptations to spend leisure hours in associations which are demoralizing and degrading. But what adds to the evil, there is no hope of release. In bad times he is thrown out of employment, when he must consume his savings, if he has any, and if the bank in which they are deposited has not failed; and good times, if they give him better pay, also increase the cost of living. He is meantime subject to the exactions of unscrupulous tradesmen, who sell him inferior goods at prices which must cover the losses incurred by the credit system, and which are always greater when small quantities are purchased. Let any one figure up what a ton of coal must cost at fifteen cents per pailful, and he may form some conception of the price at which poor families procure the necessaries of life.

Not as a cure-all for every evil, but as a remedy which approches very near the seat of the disease, the co-operative system comes in. An association is formed with an amount of stock with which it may be found necessary to begin. The shares are placed at $25 each. The members of the company may and should be gathered from among the rich, the poor, and those of moderate means. But each member has one vote only, whether his shares be one or many. There is also an initiation fee of say fifty cents.

With the capital thus obtained, a retail store is stocked and equipped. The goods are bought for cash at wholesale, and sold for cash only. No inferior or adulterated goods are allowed, and full weight and measure are secured, and all at current prices. All, whether members or not, can find themselves thus accommodated with the best of what they require, and at reasonable rates. At stated times all purchasers, whether members or not, receive a dividend from the profits of the store.

We will now suppose a person to become a member, and to invest the sum of $25 for a share. This he can pay down, or $2.50 down and the balance in monthly instalments. He is entitled to six per cent. interest, and also his share of the profits of the business—say four per cent. This ten per cent. is either paid to him at stated times, or at his option left to accumulate. He can add to his investment at pleasure, thus making the society a savings bank, which is sure to give six per cent. and a share of the profits of the society. Those profits being in proportion to the amount of business done, each member will be interested in endeavoring to enlarge the business by making his own and inducing others to make their purchases at the company's store.

The Rochdale Pioneer's Coöperative Society in England began business in 1844 with a capital of $140,000. It paid an interest of five per cent. to subscribers to its capital fund. The capital now amounts to $2,440,175. The profits on the sales of the last quarter amounted to $66,385. There are in

this country several such coöperative stores whose success has been extraordinary. In Boston a coöperative store, started last year, reports the following results: First quarter, six per cent. per annum on the capital, and a dividend of four per cent. on the purchases. Second quarter, six per cent. interest, and six per cent. dividend of profits. They have now seven hundred members, and are doing business at the rate of $50,000 per year.

We do not propose to go further into the details of this system, having said enough probably to explain its mode of operation.

A coöperative society has its annual, quarterly, and monthly meetings, when every member has a voice in the electing of officers and committees of management. Here the rich and poor meet and confer together, being members of the same corporation, and having a common interest in its success. The rich in becoming members share pro rata the profits of their investments, and while doing so benefit the poor in the wisest possible way, helping them to help themselves. They also make the poor man feel that he is a man, for he has an invested interest and an equal voice in the undertaking. He is a partner in it. He can add monthly to his investment both by additional subscriptions and by allowing his interest to accumulate, and thus in time have a handsome sum yielding income. He is further protected from the sharpers who, as petty traders, take advantage of his necessities to extort high prices for inferior and unwholesome articles.

It will be seen that capitalists have an interest in this matter, as they are sure to find their investment remunerative. They can at the same time be of great service to a coöperative society by giving to the management of its affairs the benefit of their business experience, while the poorer members being on an equality, and having an equal voice, the welfare of all depends upon their acting together in harmony. The extremes of society are thus brought together, and made to feel an interest in each other. The Christian capitalist can find here a bridge spanning the chasm which has kept him and his poorer neighbor apart. There can be no Communism or Nihilism among the members of a coöperative society.

From an article in the *Tribune*, written by Allen R. Foote, Esq., of the Central Coöperative Board, we cut the following sketch of the origin of the Coöperative movement:

It was in 1849, shortly after the revolution which deprived Louis Philippe of his throne; when the spectre of the Social Democratic Republic was frightening Europe from its propriety; when the streets of Paris had been newly deluged with blood in the insurrection that ended the Presidency of Lamartine; and when Louis Blanc, whose book on the organization of labor was commonly considered to have contributed largely to this sanguinary catastrophe, was an exile in England, it was in such a time that these 'Christian Socialists' published a series of tracts to which Mr. Hughes was a contributor, wherein they maintained "That M. Louis Blanc was substantially right in tracing the evils of society to the predominant influence of the spirit of competition; that he was substantially right in his notion of the true remedy for this evil, namely, the formation of associations of producers, who should carry on work upon the opposite principle of a mutual agreement for the equitable apportionment of its results among all concerned, whether as workers or as capitalists; that his error consisted in his seeking to obtain by political means what could be obtained only by the voluntary union of men practically influenced by the spirit of Christianity; that the true salvation of society must be sought in such unions for the objects contemplated by M. Louis Blanc."

THE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY.

[A Paper read before the Clericus of Queens county, Long Island, by the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D., Rector of St. James' church, Newtown.]

This subject is one of very great present practical interest and importance. It meets the clergyman in the forefront of his pastoral work. It is the topic of large public discussion. It is very nearly concerned with many practical questions of the business and social life of our time. No man occupying any position of influence but will be presently called upon, directly or indirectly, to exercise that influence on the one side or the other of this Sunday question. Every public man—above all, every clergyman—needs to have a clear and decided and well-founded opinion upon it, and to express that opinion on all proper occasions. The drift of the day is toward a *relaxed* Sunday observance; toward the Sunday opening not only of libraries and reading-rooms, but of places of public amusement; toward the increased running of Sunday trains and Sunday boats; toward the allowance of many kinds of Sunday business; proportionately, toward the neglect of Sunday public worship. Are we prepared to float with that drift? Or are we decided to resist it? And if so, then upon what grounds?

Let our first inquiry be as to the *authority* and *obligation* of the Sunday sacred rest. We find that authority in the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue. That Fourth Commandment is singular in form. In the first place, it and the Fifth are the only *positive* commands; the other eight being all negative and prohibitory. In the second place, it opens with a special emphasis, "*Remember* the Sabbath day, to sanctify it." The word seeming to refer on the one hand to a law already well established in the past; on the other hand, to a peculiar liability and danger of forgetfulness of it in the future. And there is given a particular reason for this Sabbath observance—a reason which lies as far back as the Creation. In perpetual commemoration of God's six days or periods of labor, and seventh of rest, He blessed and hallowed the seventh day, and commanded His people to keep it; first, as a sacred day, and secondly, as a rest day.

We need not occupy our time with the point, which has been largely discussed, of such an observance of the Seventh day before the giving of the Divine Law to Moses. That there was such an observance, is evident from Ex. xvi. 23. We rest its obligation upon that Fourth Commandment, standing in its place, and with its peculiar distinctive marks, in the moral law, formulating the original Divine decree (Gen. ii. 3). No one surely can pretend to regard this Fourth Commandment as not a moral, but only a civil, or ritual, or sanitary law. The law which commands the Sabbath, has precisely the same position and the same authority as that which forbids idolatry and profanity, murder, theft, and adultery. It stands there emphasized, its symbolism declared, and its disregard forewarned against. And it is easy to see, first, that it is a law as essential to God's honor, as the laws against idolatry and profanity, inasmuch as that which has no particular day for its observance will fall into non-observance; and secondly, that it is a law as needful to man's welfare as those against murder, theft, and adultery; since physiologists tell us, and experience proves to us, that the rest of one day in seven is a necessary condition of physical and intellectual healthfulness.

Accordingly, that Commandment

still holds its place in the Decalogue; and we announce and proclaim it every Sunday, as our warrant for calling men on that day to close their places of business, and cease from their week-day labors, and meet together for God's worship. And to do it, not as a privilege merely, but as an expressly commanded duty; a duty to God, to each other, and to themselves.

But the idea is now advanced, and seems to be gaining strength, that by the change which was made in early Christian times, from the *seventh day of the week* to the *first day of the week*, we are cut loose from that Fourth Commandment. That when the early Christian Church transferred the observance of one day in seven, from the seventh day of the week to the first day of the week, they then tacitly waived the obligation of the Commandment. So that now, that Commandment cannot rightly be alleged as a Divine law for the Christian Sunday, since it commands the observance of *one* day in the week, and the Christian claim is for the observance of another day in the week. That we can, therefore, claim no Divine authority for the observance of one day in seven as a sacred day of rest; that practically we have dropped that law out of the Decalogue, and while we may and must still warn our people against swearing, theft, and false witness, we have no Divine warrant for warning them against Sunday buying and selling, ploughing and reaping, spending all day Sunday at Coney Island, and going to the French theatre in the evening; that we of the clergy have no warrant for saying to our congregations, It is your duty as well as your privilege to join always in the Sunday public worship; but can present it only as a privilege, based upon no Divine command.

This I understand to be the position taken by some of the opponents of the religious observance of Sunday, and acquiesced in by some whom we have a right to expect to stand among its defenders. And if this be our only tenable position, then we may as well give up the attempt to withstand that swelling tide which to-day sets against Sunday as a religious day, and prepare ourselves for the desperate task of saving what few souls we may, from amid the impending wreck of all positive Christian institutions. Men, and women too, need more than Sunday observance offered as a privilege, to keep them to it. They need it presented as a Divine commandment, binding upon the Christian conscience; as the first *duty* as well as the first privilege of the day; as a commanded honor to God, as well as a protection for themselves. Unless we can so present it; unless the religious observance of the one day in seven, can be urged upon the same Divine authority as the prohibition of idolatry and profanity, that religious observance will speedily fall into contempt, and one chief mainstay of religion will be swept away.

We present first, therefore, this distinct question, "Is the Fourth Commandment so shut up, as to its authority and obligation, to the *seventh day of the week*, that it can have no application to any other day of the week?"

That Fourth Commandment appoints *one day in seven* as a sacred day and a day of rest. "Remember the Sabbath day, to sanctify it." "Six days shalt thou labor, and the seventh day shalt thou rest." It seems to be almost universally assumed, and allowed, that the Commandment means, by the "six days," the first six days *of the week*, and by the "seventh day" the seventh day *of the week*, as the week was then, or is now, count-

ed. Just as if the command had been, in terms, "The first six days *of the week* shalt thou labor, and the seventh day *of the week* shalt thou rest." But this is manifestly not said; and I hold that it is almost as manifestly not meant. The command is simply to work six days, and rest one day; but it does not fix, either absolutely or by implication, the particular notation of those six days of labor and one day of rest. That was already fixed, when the command was given. The computation of the week began long before Moses; and the seventh day of that week was observed as the day of rest, before the giving of the Law. Is it not the fact that the Fourth Commandment did not at all touch the point of the special day of the week? It enunciated simply the principle of the *one day in seven*, and gave the Divine Law of its observance. That Law found the seventh day of the week already selected, and therefore had its application to that particular day. Not improbably the first computation of the week itself may have been based upon the Sabbath observance. The week, as a measure of time, being a natural result of observation of the phases of the moon, the *days* of the week may have been numbered as they preceded and followed the one sacred day of rest; that being counted the closing day of the week, and the six following days of labor going to the next week. If this hypothesis be admitted—and I know of no evidence of fact or probability against it—then the special notation of the week did not precede and determine, but followed, the observance of the one day in seven. Had that Commandment, when it was given to Moses, found the *fifth* day of the week already observed as the sacred day of rest, it would have had its application just as directly to that day. And the question is a pertinent one, "Had the fifth day of the week then been the accepted one day in seven, of sacred rest, would not the Fourth Commandment, in that case, still have been expressed in precisely the same terms?" And would it not have had exactly the same application to that fifth day of the week, as it had in fact to the seventh day of the week? The selection of the special day of the week was not made by the Fourth Commandment, and is not of the essence of it.

But it may be further objected: If this be so, then you overlook the very reason which was Divinely given for the command itself; which reason is, that GOD wrought six days, and rested on the seventh day. This again is a plausible plea. But what is it, in fact, predicated upon? What else but the assumption that immediately after the original and symbolic week of the Creation, began the regular computation of the literal week of seven days of twenty-four hours each, and has continued unbroken ever since? So that the seventh day of that week was forever after, by an unbroken succession, a hebdomadal commemoration of the Divine rest of the seventh "Day" of Creation. Therefore, that to change the day of the week was to break that hitherto unbroken commemorative observance, and so to annul the force of the symbolic reason given for it. In other words, that the *week itself* was Divinely appointed and preserved, from the Creation; and the special days of the week are thus bound up in the very structure of the Fourth Commandment.

Now this is a very large assumption; which may indeed be characterized as "begging the question" altogether. We should be glad to have some light thrown upon the historical origin and computation of the Week,

which seems to be shadowed in the dimness of a remote antiquity. That it began immediately upon the Creation, and has continued unbroken ever since, is possible, but most improbable. The statement has been made, that in the Babylonish Captivity, the Jews lost their reckoning of the week. Equally improbable is it, therefore, that the six days of labor and one day of rest, as observed by the Jews of Moses' day, corresponded in notation with the week immediately following the Creation. In all human probability, whenever the computation of the week began, it began arbitrarily or accidentally, and might just as well have begun a day earlier or a day later. Therefore the symbolic reason given in the Fourth Commandment, although it belongs to the appointment of *one day in seven*, has nothing whatever to do with that day being the seventh day of the then established week. Nor has it therefore any bearing whatever upon the change of the one day in seven, from the seventh day of the week, to the first day, or any other day, of the week. The Divine law commands every seventh day to be observed as a sacred day and a day of rest. And whichever day of the week is thus statedly observed, I claim for its observance the same Divine authority.

The early Christian Church changed the day, by a custom gradually formulated into a law, from the seventh to the first day of the week, in honor of the surpassing event of the Blessed Saviour's Resurrection on that day. Were it supposable that there might occur, for instance on the *second* day of the week, any other event of yet greater importance, I hold that the Church could properly and lawfully appoint that day as the one day in seven, of sacred rest; and could then justly claim for that day the full authority of the Fourth Commandment.

But were it supposable that the Church should order the observance of one day *in eight*, instead of one in seven, then she would violate the Divine Command, and forfeit the Divine authority. The line of distinction is surely very clear, and the contrast very sharp, between such an appointment, and the mere transferring of the Divinely ordered hebdomadal observance, from one day in the week to another day in the week. Will any intelligent person venture to assert that the latter is just as much a departure from the Divine Commandment as the former would be?

We hold, therefore, and think we have fully shown, as against these objectors, that the Christian has, in the Fourth Commandment, just the same warrant for the Christian Sunday, as the Jew had for the Jewish Sabbath; and that it is our duty, as interpreters and teachers of God's law, to base and claim the observance of it upon that Divine Command; that the essence of the Commandment lies in the observance of *one day in seven* as a day of sacred rest; and that it was but an accident of it that that day was at the first the seventh day of the week, and was afterward made the first day of the week; and that this position should be distinctly taken, as the true ground upon which to withstand Sunday laxity and threatened Sunday desecration.

Can any one familiar with early Christian history, understand or imagine that it was the mind of the early Church, in making that change of day, to make void the Commandment itself? Did the Church arrogate to itself the authority, and upon what ground, to drop that Fourth Commandment out of the Decalogue; saying in effect, that while the other nine

Commandments were, and continued to be, of Divine obligation upon God's people, this one was dispensed with, as only a Jewish law, not binding upon Christians? And if the Church has taken that ground, so that there is not for the Christian any *law* of one day in seven as a sacred rest-day, then is it not of the nature of a sacrilegious mockery still to declare that Fourth Commandment, in every eucharistic office, as God's Word and His Law, and to put in the congregation's mouth the petition "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law"?

We may fully recognize the Church's authority to define and interpret and apply God's Law; to say, for instance, that it is a breach of the Seventh Commandment for a Christian woman to marry her brother-in-law, which the Jewish woman, under certain circumstances, was commanded to do. But we are not prepared to recognize the Church's authority to strike out that Seventh Commandment, or any other, from the Decalogue, and to say that there is no Divine Command binding upon the Christian to live in purity, but that we are only invited to do so as a privilege.

In the early Christian observance of the day, we find a very wide diversity. We find no disposition to transfer to it the Jewish strictness of the Sabbath. We may find, for some centuries after the Christian era, no express Sunday law enunciated. We may find no explicit patristic authority for it, before Chrysostom in his exposition of Gen. ii. 3, took the position that it was "one day in the cycle of seven," which was to be sanctified. Yet the question recurs, Is it in evidence that it was the mind of the Church, or the belief of the body of her members, during the six centuries succeeding the Christian era, that the Fourth Commandment was of no binding force; that it was obsolete; that it was, in its place in the Decalogue, but a dead letter among all the living commands of the Moral Law? The mind of the Church was against Judaizing. It was emphatically against that formal, heartless observance of this or any other law, which had become characteristic of the Jews. It was in favor of liberty, and of the largest liberty that was permissible and safe. But was it in favor of that liberty without law, which is license? Did it not, in this as in other Christian observance, hold to a "law of liberty," by which we shall be judged? And that law, in respect to the one day in seven, the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue, emphatically demanding the observance of that one day in seven, as a sacred day and a rest-day.

Is not the observance of one day in seven as a day of sacred rest, a practice which has obtained with all God's people — Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian? And has this universal practice been no more than an accident, or a superstition, or a mere pious fancy? Has it not been based upon a physical and moral principle, which was formulated in the Divine Law? that physical and moral principle lying in the nature of the human constitution; that law, therefore, of perpetual human obligation?

Upon this ground, then, we base the authority and obligation of the one day in seven. We find it a custom having the force of law, in Ante-Mosaic times. We find it emphatically affirmed in the Mosaic Code, and there given its place, as a Divine Law, in the Decalogue. We find it tacitly assumed in the earlier Christian centuries. And it would certainly seem to be an inference which cannot be resisted, that it will need more than negative testimony to show that this

law of one day in seven as a day of sacred rest, has ceased to have any binding obligation upon God's people: that those who take that ground, may properly be called upon to put in evidence some express rescinding of the law, by the same authority that originally ordained and proclaimed the law. We know that the special day was changed at the Christian era, and that for manifest reasons. But the law in its essence was not touched. On the contrary, in that very change of the special day, the principle of the law was tacitly reaffirmed. We are told that the law of an absolute rest was no longer observed, and that labor was permitted on the Christian Lord's day. We are told that Christian worship was held every day; that the Holy Eucharist was celebrated every day; so that the Sunday was not kept as a sacred day above other days. We are told that for some Christian centuries there was no Christian law, and no uniform Christian observance of the one day in seven. It is quite needless to enter into the subject of the historical evidence as to the accuracy of those statements. Aside from them all, we ask, Was there any rescinding of the Fourth Commandment? Had the Christian Church any such divine mandate? Did she of her own authority, by act of Council, or even by Episcopal utterance, explain away that Fourth Commandment; and let it be understood that it was not to be taken as a living law, but only as a dead letter; a memento of the past, a traditionary relic of antiquity?

In default of any such positive testimony, I find that law still a law; to to be presented as such; to be urged as of Divine authority; Christian people to be so instructed; to be charged, as of the essentials of Christisn obligation, that they make the Christian Sunday a sacred day and a rest day; and that to make it anything else is a direct transgression of a Divine law; to show them indeed the reasons of that law, making it evident that it is a privilege as well; that it is indeed no arbitrary command, but like all the rest of God's commandments, in "keeping of it there is great reward."

Two other branches of the subject remain, which can be but very briefly considered. First, the reasons for the command of the one day in seven as a sacred rest day. Secondly, the proper mode of its observance.

The reasons for the command lie in the nature of man; his physical, mental, and spiritual nature. Rest from labor is needful to refresh the body, and relax the strain upon the mental powers. Release from material toils and cares is needful, to recuperate the soul. More than needful, such rest and release has been largely argued and approximately proved to be a positive necessity for us. We are familiar with the many opinions to this effect, given by eminent medical men, and other high authorities upon the subject of the powers and capacities of man. We know the experience of the French Directory, in altering the Divine Law, and making one day in ten a day of recreation, instead of one day in seven a day of sacred rest. But even had we no such knowledge and experience, still we might have safely trusted and been assured, that He who created man, and knew what was in man, and "made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath," would have commanded just what was needful; no more, and no less. And upon such ground we may present it as a privilege; as a security given us by its Divine Author, for our own protection and welfare; a protection against the worldliness of

the times, and against our own excessive devotion to labor, of whatever kind. The sense of the privilege, supplementing our acknowledgment of the obligation of the law, but not displacing it. The law the more heartily obeyed, because it is seen to be not an arbitrary enactment, but a wise and merciful provision for our benefit.

The other question is a larger one, and less manifest. How are we Christians to observe this law of one day in seven for sacred rest? To observe it, not in any mere strictness of the letter, but in the largeness of the spirit; to observe it, and to promote its observance, by precept and example, in this worldly and undevout and pleasure-loving day, when men are growing so impatient of religious restraints, and indifferent to religions institutions? This may well be deemed one of the most difficult practical questions that the clergy have to deal with, and one that extends its ramifications over many side issues, and strikes down its roots into the fundamental principles of religion. A secularized Sunday means a secularized Christianity. Sunday "freedom" means the Lord's house contemned, His worship become the resort only of the godly few, who the least need it, and His day given over to questionable amusements and needless labor, its sacredness changed to unseemly levity and license, its rest perverted to toil for some, lazy lounging for many, and exhausting dissipation for many more. This is very clearly the drift of the times. At what point shall we take our stand?—for some stand we must take against it.

I would emphasize, first, the *sacredness* of the Lord's day. "Remember the Sabbath day to *sanctify* it," is the Divine command. "The Lord blessed the Seventh day, and hallowed it," is the Divine declaration. It was God's accusation against Israel of old, "My Sabbaths ye greatly polluted." To keep the day a distinctively sacred day was a sign of God's ancient people. Let it be presented as a sign of God's people still. And how more truly consecrate the day, than by going to God's house, and joining in His public worship? Let this be urged, as the first duty as well as the first privilege of the day; and emphasize the duty of it, and the binding obligation of it. In those early Christian ages, when religious devotion was a power, we may find the duty dwarfed before the privilege, and the law of the Lord's day the less insisted upon, as the blessing of it was the more felt. But that may not be now. The loving child may be ruled by love alone, but the wilful and selfish and disobedient child must be shown the arm of authority, and the penalty that follows transgression. Love is cold, with many now who bear the Christian name. The bond of Christian privilege alone, is not strong enough to hold them. They need that it shall be coupled with the obligation of Christian duty. If the Sunday worship be based upon privilege alone, then we shall be met with those ready excuses, that the Service does not edify, the preaching does not interest, the music does not please. To the enjoyment of the privilege, the many will come, if they come at all, passively, listlessly, carelessly. They will insensibly guage it by its powers of entertainment. As the recreation from the daily work is the entertainment of the evening lecture, concert, or drama, so the recreation from the week will be the entertainment of the fashionable and luxurious church, the eloquent preacher, the splendid music. The Sunday frame of mind will tend to a self-indulgent flatness and flabbiness, will lack purpose and in-

tentness, will be of that inert and passive kind, which is a very false idea of rest, and which does not at all comport with sacredness. But strike the chord of Christian duty; sound the Lord's trumpet-call; let it be understood that in His house and His worship, every man, woman, and child has a place and a part; that worship is the first distinction of the sacred day, and the occupation of the hour; that now the body and the mind may find refreshment, while the soul exercises its powers, all too little used through the week. From the Sunday privilege alone, a man will excuse himself by his hard daily toil of mind or body; and a woman, by the plea of rain or dust, or heat or cold, or company, or household cares. But let it be presented as God's commanded duty, and there will be a stronger power to sweep away those flimsy excuses, and draw God's people, one and all, to His house, to receive its blessing almost in spite of themselves.

From this obligation of the Sunday morning worship I would except none, young or old, rich or poor; as all need its refreshment. Beyond this point, some distinctions may be drawn. On the one hand, the men and women of comparative leisure, who have more or less liberty and opportunity for recreation during the week, surely do not need to take Sunday afternoon to drive in the park, or go to the seaside; nor ought they to, nor will they, if they regard the Divine Command when it is presented to them—"Remember the Sabbath day, to *sanctify* it." There are surely books enough now for Sunday reading; and there should be quiet enjoyment enough, in the family circle, or in a neighborly call, if you please, to occupy the time, not inappropriately, until the second call comes, for afternoon or evening worship; and for all persons so situated, no excuse from that also, should be admitted.

But when you come to the many who are of necessity hard-worked all the week, a distinction may be allowed, and larger Sunday liberty may be permitted. *For all*, the Sunday morning worship. But beyond that, some befitting recreation may not be interdicted to the laboring man, or the hard-worked mechanic, or clerk, or shop-girl, or sewing-girl. A breath of country air in the park, or of the salt-breeze at the sea-side, *for such*, may not be severely censured as unworthy the children of Him who has graciously said "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." But the Sunday excursion boats and trains, which tempt the masses to spend the whole of Sunday at resorts, often of dissipation, never of sacredness, are a gross violation of God's law, and bring their proprietors into close alliance with Judas, who for gain betrayed the Lord. The law of the one day in seven, is for man's help and refreshment and happiness. On the one hand, to Judaize or Puritanize on the Lord's Day, is to go back from the law of liberty to the law of servitude. On the other hand, to secularize the Lord's Day, is to abuse liberty to that license which becomes, eventually, the very worst form of slavery.

One other point remains. The Lord's Day is for *rest* also. A rest which cannot be prescribed, in its details, by any laws, civil or ecclesiastical, but must be determined, as to its measure and mode, under the law of the Fourth Commandment, by the good judgment of Christian communities. In this rest lies a large part of the Day's benefit. Not only does it claim the suspension of the ordinary work-day traffic and labor, but it claims from us also freedom from all needless work. Manifestly it must be so, for the day

to be a sacred day. And we know that just so much as our soul needs the sacredness, our body needs the rest. And just here spring up very many delicate and difficult practical questions. A man cannot rest, and cannot go to church, while he serves all the morning in a green-grocery; nor a girl, who waits, day and evening too, in a cigar or candy-shop. Your coachman cannot go to church, when you require him to drive you there and home again. These are simple issues, which there ought to be no hesitation in the decision of. But when it comes to Sunday *afternoon* trains, which enable the mechanics and clerks, and the vast number of hard-worked citizens, to get out to the green fields and pure air of the country, and which carry the mails for the Monday business; and the Sunday evening printing of the papers, for your Monday morning news; and killing the meat and carrying the produce, for your Monday market; and the Sunday morning round of the baker and the milkman, for your Sunday breakfast, which *you* mark the day by taking an hour or two later than on other days—then what shall we say? With our advanced civilization and its imperative requirements, in large cities, such as New York and Brooklyn, there must be thousands for whom, from these causes, Sunday is no rest-day, nor sacred day.

Doubtless we shall be told, that the permission of all this Sunday labor comes under the head of Christian liberty, as contrasted with Jewish strictness. The plea is a plausible one, and measurably just. Only we need to be careful that the liberty is not all ours, while we lay upon our brother, those bonds of Sunday toil. We observe a strong tendency to lengthen out a very extended list of Sunday works of necessity, while presenting a very brief catalogue of Sunday works of piety; and a great readiness in men to excuse themselves too from these latter, while they require of others, for their own convenience, the full tale of the former. It is St. Paul's charge to us, in another connection, to be careful lest our liberty be a stumbling-block, and an occasion to fall, in our brother's way. The caution will apply in this connection.

I conclude, in the words of another: "Thank God for Sunday, and for all that, in this country, it stands for. May He make us grateful, more and more, for this inheritance; and may He give us courage and resolution to guard it sacredly and to cherish it tenderly; and so hand it on and down, unchanged and unimpaired, to our children and our children's children."

The soul that lives in the thoughts of God's presence prepares for the richest comforts; for how can he want joy that is sensible that the fountain of joy is with him? How can he want support that is sensible that the God of all consolation is with him? How can he want a refuge, or hiding-place, that is sensible that he hath the Rock of Ages in the room with him? The palm tree bears fruit when another of the same nature is set beside it; how much more will a soul bear fruit that is sensible that the great Husbandman that hath planted heaven and earth, and gives sap to all His creatures, is with her and within her, and that the Son of Righteousness is continually warming her with His lively beams? Have you not seen a stone thrown into the air make all the haste it can to return to its centre? so whenever such a soul is jostled out of her orb, either by the world, or by the devil, God that lives in her forces her to return to her centre; even to that God in whom she hath all that infinite goodness promises, or infinite perfection can pay.—*Horneck.*

Learning is preferable to riches, and virtue to both.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

EVENINGS WITH MY PARISHIONERS.

CHAPTER XI.—INFALLIBILITY.

In these evening conversations I endeavored to avoid debate. For in debate each one seems bound to make out the best for the side he has chosen. Or one will incautiously make an assertion, and though five minutes afterward he may see reason to question tion its accuracy, yet his pride disposes him to stand by it. It is extremely difficult to obtain a candid examination of the truth in such circumstances. To have these conversations as dispassionate as possible, I aimed, when practicable, first to enable my visitors to see, independently of any reference to the topic in hand, the soundness of a principle. That point gained, nothing remained but to show the bearing of this principle upon the subject under consideration. The course here mentioned it was especially necessary to pursue in considering the subjects I was just at this time bringing forward, for there were involved in their discussion certain terms which had by zealous, but well-meaning, partisans been so made the object of suspicion, that it was extremely difficult to touch them without arousing prejudices.

A murder of peculiar atrocity had a few months before been committed in the vicinity. The trial had taken place, and the news of the conviction of the accused had just reached the town, and was the exciting topic of conversation. Nothing was more natural, therefore, than for me on this evening, while the guests were assembling, to enter into conversation with my legal friend, Mr. Prudon, on the prevailing topic of interest. The crime had been committed late at night in one of the low saloons of a neighboring city, by a ruffian residing in our town. What was peculiar about the trial was that the witnesses were persons of vile character, one of them having served a term in the State prison, though afterward pardoned; and there was perhaps not one among them all whose word, or even oath, would be received in a matter where it would be his interest to testify to a falsehood. Outside of these the evidence was strong, but purely circumstantial. And yet the man was convicted, and the verdict was received by the public as just.

I asked Mr. Prudon if it was not usual, on any important trial, to exclude the testimony of witnesses whose characters were notoriously vile. This he admitted to be the case. I then inquired if purely circumstantial evidence was not regarded as a very slender reliance, particularly in the case of a trial in which life was involved. To this also he assented. I continued the conversation in this strain, not at all questioning the justice of the verdict, but endeavoring to ascertain on what principle of law a conviction could be secured by such testimony.

Mr. Prudon showed, first, that beyond question the crime had been committed; that it was done within certain hours, at a certain place, in the presence of certain persons. What remained was to ascertain who was the guilty party. By outside testimony it was shown that there was on the part of the accused a motive and a threat. Of all the persons present on the occasion, the accused was the only one who attempted to escape; and when arrested, evidences of the commission of the deed were found upon his person. And yet for the fact of his guilt, the eye witnesses were persons of most disreputable character.

But examined separately, under circumstances in which collusion was impossible, there was no hesitation in the minds of the jury, who on receiving the judge's charge, immediately rendered a verdict of guilty. Mr. Prudon called my attention to that part of the charge of the judge, when, speaking of the character of the eye witnesses, he laid down the principle that every possible avenue of the truth should be opened, and that the evidence of all those whose knowledge is the most immediate, should be weighed rather than rejected.

While this conversation was taking place, the company had assembled, and eagerly listened, until it was now some time past the hour for opening. After the opening exercises, I resumed the subject, first recapitulating for the benefit of those who were late.

'But,' said I, 'Mr. Prudon, does not the law always give an accused person the benefit of a doubt?'

'Certainly. But in this case there could be no doubt. Every circumstance corroborated the testimony of the eye witnesses.'

'It is possible, then,' I said, 'to prove a fact beyond a doubt, even where they who testify from their own personal knowledge, are unreliable.'

'Unquestionably.'

'And there could be no stronger testimony, unless those who spoke from personal knowledge had been persons of undisputed integrity.'

My legal friend did not reply, but assumed a puzzled look, as if wondering why I was so particular to emphasize what was so apparent.

'Well,' I resumed, 'nobody is perfect. The very best of persons are liable to be mistaken as to a matter of fact as well as to err in conduct. No one person is infallible. Such being the case, no number of fallible persons together can be infallible. And yet it seems that there are circumstances in which the concurrence of testimony grossly fallible in itself, places a fact beyond the possibility of doubt or question.'

The drift began to be apparent, and I resumed.

'I have met an argument like this: You Protestants deny the infallibility of the Church, and yet you receive the Holy Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament as the infallible word of God. But the witness to the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures is the Church. Therefore you do practically admit the infallibility of the Church.

'I think that we have gone a long way toward arriving at the truth in this matter, by establishing the principle that in order to prove a fact beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt—that is, infallibly—it is not necessary to admit that the witness is infallible.'

'Well,' said Mrs. West, with an air of profound satisfaction, 'I am glad the rector washes his hands from that superstition, the infallibility of the Church.'

'I have not quite denied that,' I replied, 'at least not yet. I have simply shown that there is a fallacy in the argument I quoted. If we are not careful, we may find that the Church is infallible after all.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Prudon, 'we might even suppose the Church to be as fallible as the witnesses in any common court of justice, and yet the whole testimony—the proof—might be infallible. Only I don't quite see how we are to arrive at it.'

'Before we reach the merits of the question,' I resumed, 'let us take a supposed case. Suppose that a thousand years hence there should be discovered among the ruins of this place a

quantity of old letters and documents, and that upon examination there should be found a correspondence on political questions, and the papers in a case before the court in reference to the constitutionality of certain measures. All this, I presume, would be considered sufficient to establish the fact that at this time the State had a governor, the United States a president and a constitution, and the appeals to the written laws and the constitution, with quotations from each, would further establish the fact that the laws and the constitution did contain the passages thus said to be quoted from them.'

All assented to the reasonableness of this.

'And that, too,' I said, 'independently of the persons and character of the witnesses themselves, about whom we might have no information.'

This also met with the assent of those present.

'Now,' said I, 'we receive the Bible as the infallible Word of God. Even if the character of the witnesses to its genuineness and authenticity could be called in question—which it cannot—still the nature of the testimony is such as to establish its authority. We will consider now the New Testament only. Following the general outline of Paley's argument on the subject, we have the facts that from the time when the four Gospels and the Acts are said to have been written, there are, by contemporary writers and others immediately succeeding them, quotations from these books as sacred books, as received and acknowledged as such at the time. The quotations are by Christians themselves, and by those who disputed the divinity of the Christian religion. As the Church increased in numbers, and its writers, whether instructing Christians or defending their religion against heathen attacks, were multiplied, we find these quotations more numerous, and more explicit mention made of the names of the books in their order. That such books were quoted with reverence, and as possessing conclusive authority in matters of controversy. That they were early collected into a distinct volume; publicly read and expounded in the churches; commentaries, harmonies, and translations were made of them; that while of single books doubts were for a time entertained—their authenticity not being so readily established as others—yet these were at length received, while spurious writings, though for a time acknowledged by some, yet were never received in the manner, with the unanimity, and veneration of the others.

'I have stated these points in this brief manner, it being impossible to examine the proofs in detail in these sessions. But volumes have been written upon the subject, and a careful study of the facts will surely bring a candid mind to the conviction that such a mass of evidence from friend and foe alike, in such variant circumstances, without the possibility of collusion, and from persons who, even if singly liable to err in judgment, yet proved in various ways—by enduring persecutions and martyrdom—that they were honest, is all that could be asked. On those laws and principles of evidence, therefore, which acquit or convict in cases where life or the interest of the State are at stake, we establish the genuineness and authenticity of the Scripture canon, as being, what has been claimed for it all along, the revealed Word of God. The Church, both as a collection of different congregations, synods, and dioceses, and in her corporate capacity, has set forth the result of a thorough sifting of this testimony, estab-

lishing the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the New Testament.

'Now,' said I, 'we have the sure promise of our Lord with regard to His Church, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. It is no promise of protection against adversity or persecution, nor of absolute security against error. The Greek Church, the Roman Church, the Anglican, each may err, and become more or less corrupt. But against the Church itself the gates of hell are not to prevail. And where the Church has spoken with united voice, we may be sure that the Holy Spirit has guided it.

'But the mode by which it has been kept from error, is written in the history of the dealings of Providence. The judges of Israel were not infallible, and yet they were of God's appointment. The early champions of Christian truth against heresy were not infallible, and yet God so ordered that the very heresies themselves were the means by which the Church was enabled to give accurate expression to the truth which those heresies impugned. Arianism, Pelagianism, Nestorianism, and others, have been providentially overruled to the clearer statement of the faith.

'Of this, then, we may be sure—as Christ founded a Church for the home and the nurture of the faithful; the pillar and ground of the truth; promising to be with it to the end of the world, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it—the divine guidance will be with it, and though every member is frail and fallible, yet in it the truth necessary to salvation may infallibly be found.'

Sin indulged in the conscience, is like Jonah in the ship, which causes such a tempest that the conscience is like a troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest.

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

IN MEMORIAM.

On hearing the bells ring for the midnight service, Christmas, 1878, a few weeks after the death of a child of the rector, the Rev. William D'Orville Doty, of Christ church, Rochester.

I.

O merry swells of Christmas bells,
That break the midnight and the storm,
Shall those that weep rise up from sleep
And sing with thee that peace is born?

II.

Our grief upwells, exultant bells,
A requiem outcrying thee—
"Yea, peace is born and crowned with thorn,
But everywhere the cross we see."

III.

Ah, Bethlehem, sweet Bethlehem,
Our hearts to-night are like the bells
Muffled in storm. Yea, HE is born,
But Bethlehem of Calvary tells.

THE ANSWER.

I.

Yea, with the green the cross is seen;
And lo, the Altar and the Bread!
Emmanuel! Let Him foretell
The birth at Calvary from the dead.

II.

Come sorrowing men to Bethlehem,
While angels sing the child is born;
The anthem sweet were incomplete
But for the King with crown of thorn!

III.

Haste sorrowing men to Bethlehem,
And share the rapture born of pain!
By pangs of death He entereth
His royal gates with kingly train.

IV.

Emmanuel! sing merry bell!
Outcry the midnight's dismal storm,
And break the sleep of them who weep,
That they may sing "His peace is born!"

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

To feel old age coming on, will so little mortify a wise man that he can think of it with pleasure; as the decay of nature shows him that the happy change of state, for which he has been all his life preparing himself, is drawing nearer. And surely it must be desirable to find himself drawn nearer the end, and the reward of his labors. The case of an old man, who has no comfortable prospect for futurity, and finding the fatal hour approaching which is to deprive him of all his happiness, is too deplorable to represent.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

NOTES FROM NATURE.

Oct. 30th.—A heavy, drizzling rain at last, but so welcome, owing to the protracted dry weather, that we take no note of the dreariness that reigns without. And what changes in our prospect even a week has wrought. The southwest window, which lately presented to the eye but a solid mass of green in varying shades, now affords plentiful glimpses of sky, intersected by branches from which the tattered yellow raiment is fast floating to the ground. And even the evergreen at the south window, lacking the green background of trees beyond, betrays its age and the poverty of its attire. We mark with surprise the thin places, whose existence we had not before suspected. But the bustle and chatter of birds has quite ceased from among the boughs. The golden-crested wren and the nuthatch may be seen occasionally, as they creep actively but silently about the twigs, evidently too intent on insects to devote any time to idle gossip. Except for these transient visitors, we seem reduced to the "sparrow that sitteth upon the house-top," a flock of whom appeared upon the premises within the week, evidently thinking that since the usual tenants have departed, they might as well take possession. The ducks and water-fowl are scarce this season, not appearing at all in their usual numbers.

A week ago we gathered our usual array of flowers—salvias, coleus, verbena, nasturtiums, marigolds, mignonette, roses, and heliotrope—but to-day salvias, heliotrope, coleus, and nasturtiums are blackened by the frost, though in the sheltered garden the roses and chrysanthemums will maintain a show of bloom for some little time yet. There are some purple asters still lingering by the roadside, and the wild carrot appears as vigorous as ever, and equally indifferent to wind or rain.

The rain continues with a steady, monotonous beat, but we have little time for moralizing thereon, as at this season we are engaged in closing up, as it were, one stage of existence, and preparing to enter upon another. In other words, exchanging the country for the city—a change that with some natures requires a degree of nerve and courage wholly unappreciated by the world at large, and is only accomplished by one's being too busily occupied with packing and arranging to have time for useless regrets. I am often reminded of a newspaper paragraph which I saw lately, to the effect that Mr. H. W. Beecher had preached upon the foolishness of nursing and dandling our sorrows upon our knee, when it would be wiser if they were properly spanked and put to bed. So, though I fain would linger and lament over the dead Summer and "the flying gold of the ruined woodlands," I know the necessity of spanking such feelings into submission, and instead, imagining the fresh delight with which in Spring we shall greet once more these familiar scenes.

It is never well to spend too much time in "looking on the happy Autumn fields, and thinking of the days that are no more." But the thought will occasionally recur, *Shall* we gaze with the same feelings of delight upon these scenes another year, or will no corroding change have left its shadow upon them or upon ourselves?

KELAH.

The virtue which repels by severity makes few converts; but that which attracts by charity, incites all to esteem, if not to follow, its precepts.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.—II.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

The following incident will illustrate the shrewdness and ready resource of the simple-minded Dalers. In a village in one of the Dales a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman resided, who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so, as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stair-foot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited awhile, and then, repeating the call, she was answered by 'What do you want?' in anything but a gentle voice.

'I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast.'

'I'll have either or both,' was the odd and stinging reply.

'You've got out on the wrong side o' the bed ta morn',' said the irritated dame to herself; 'but I'll fit up yer order, my man.' So saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher. Presently he felt that he had a strangely-flavored beverage before him, so pausing, he asked

'What's this, missis?'

'It is *both*, sir; and you sall either sup it or gang without.'

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A clergyman, fond of pedestrian exercises was in the habit of strolling through the Dales almost daily in nearly all weathers, and of entering into conversation with any one whom he chanced to overtake, as, he said, 'I can get an idea from even a fool.'

"One day," he said to the writer, "I overtook a young fellow who was leading a wagon laden with manure. He was a real specimen of a Daler. After a few words of general conversation, I asked 'How much may you get for your job?' 'Fower shillin' a-wick an' me shurt-weshin,' was the prompt reply. I was in the act of taking stock of the lad's garments, to see if a shirt was the only item of apparel that he might need to have washed weekly, when, looking me earnestly in the face, he said, with a coolness and a deliberation that were perfectly comical, 'An' what may thou hev for thy job?'"

My friend did not say whether he enlightened his rustic companion; but it must be acknowledged that he had equal right to know the earnings of the parson.

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During my residence in rural villages I became familiar with a respectable yeoman, at whose house I was at all times a welcome visitor. He was a remarkably quiet little man. His wife was a fine, buxom woman, whose rosy cheeks and dark, benevolent eyes made her pleasant to look upon; and whose children, eight in number, were fine, strapping lads. Going in one morning, the first thing that met my gaze was Mr. Stafford seated in his arm-chair, a basin poised on the palm of his left hand, the contents of which he was deliberately supping with the aid of a teaspoon.

'You seem to be enjoying yourself this morning, Mr. Stafford. What may you have got in the basin?' I asked.

'A drop o' salts!' was the odd and laconic reply.

'Salts!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'and supping them with a teaspoon, too!'

'Ay,' responded the yeoman quietly; 'I allus sups salts wi' a teaspoon, 'cause ah loikes 'em. Yo knaw if ah wor ta drink 'em, th' pleesure 'ud be soon ower; but usin' a teaspoon, why, th' pleesure lasts a lang toime;' saying which, he took another spoonful, and licked his lips with marked gusto.

'My husband is a queer man, I assure you,' chimed in Mrs. Stafford, with studied politeness; 'he has the queerest fancies of any man I know of. See you, Maister Brownson,' she continued, in unassumed earnestness, 'I cannot keep a bit o' mustard in the house because of him. I used to make a goodish bit, for the lads are fond of it; but he got to go to the cupboard, and he would lick, ay, lick the mustard until it was all licked up; so I gave over making it at last, and for many years we've done without.'

'Ay, indeed; ma woife says th'

truth,' put in Mr. Stafford sorrowfully. 'Ah niver gets a taste o' mustart naa but twoice a yer—that's on th' tithe-days. Th' Vicar maks us a gooid dinner when we gang ta pay aar tithe; an' soa, as sooin as ah gits inta th' raam, ah luks abaat for th' mustart-pot; an', takin' it inta ma hond, ah puts th' contents all rand th' rim o' me plate, an' soa ah gits a gradely blow-in' o' mustart than. Yo knaw'—looking at me very significantly—'it hes ta last hawf a yer.'

'And see you, Maister Brownson,' said the canny wife, 'my husband is such a man for gruel; why, bless you, he would have me boil gruel day by th' length, if I would'—

'Nowt noa bether,' put in Mr. Stafford, interrupting his spouse, in good humor; 'nowt noa bether, ah say, owther for mon or beeast. Naa, Maister Brownson, let a body advase yo as knaws; wheniver yo feels at ov soorts, as th' sayin' is, mak yorsen, or git yer woife—when yo've got yan—ta mak yo a gooid jorum o' waiter-gruel; moind, *waiter*-gruel, an' drink it as yo git inta bed; an', moind ma words, yo'll feel reet at morn, noa mather what yo may ail. Theere's nowt noa bether nor waiter-gruel owther for mon or beeast, ah say!'

'I wish I may be as fortunate as you in the choice of a wife,' I remarked in perfect sincerity.

'A vary nat'ral wish, Maister Brownson,' readily responded the little yeoman, putting down his basin of salts, and rising up to the height of an idea which had struck him, and which he was about to express. 'Ah'll tell yo whot; if yo wish to be happy as a wed mon, yo maun hev a woife wi' three vartues in her—th' vartue o' gooid temper, th' vartue o' claneliness, an' th' vartue o' aiconomy; wi'oot which, yo conno be happy, let her be otherwise as she may.'

'But how am I to come at a woman with those virtues?' I asked.

'Ah wor bawn ta tell yo. Now, yo may come at th' furster by axing th' naybors; they knaw reet weel th' tempers o' aych ither. Or yo may form a goodish ida-ah by takin' gauge o' her fayters an' th' expression ov her fa-ace. As ta whether she's clane, just yo find aat wheere she keeps her dish-claat, an' tak th' scent on't. If it smell swate, I's uphod it she's clane iverywheere. An' than as ta aiconomy, y' tak a poipe naa an' agin; vary weel, just yo hond her a pratty lang bit o' papper, an' ax her cannily ta leet yer poipe for ye. She'll do't; an' moind, if she knocks aat th' leet an' puts whot's left by for another leetin', yo may set it dawn as she's a careful body; but if she thruws it behint th' foire, stop afore yo further goa, ah say.' Saying which, he resumed the supping of his salts, while his happy wife's face shone with unwonted amiability.

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Leaving these recollections of things pertaining to the ordinary aspects of life, I will now turn to matters belonging to another class—a class which one would suppose no longer existed, except in tradition. A belief in witchcraft lingered in most of the villages which I was in the habit of visiting. I know it to be a fact that whatever subtile disease laid hold of either man or beast, or whatever fatality befel a family, it was by some laid to the charge of an evil-eye, or to the wicked machinations of a woman in league with the Wicked One. There must be many who buy the wisdom of the "wise-man" and "wise-woman," else the latter could not lay up the riches which they do. It is not more than ten years since a woman died in one of our large West Yorkshire towns, who had for many years flourished on the superstitious credulity of her fellow-creatures. She combined the wisdom of the astrologer with the skill of the medical botanist; and, under the guise of a parcel of dried herbs, she received pay for a prescription for the dissolution of a spell of witchery, or for a well-drawn-up nativity. At this witch's death a young woman, who had lived with her from childhood, and had acted as servant and companion, became heiress to her possessions. Every drawer in the house was crammed with rich and costly dresses and shawls; and the cupboards contained over three dozen silver or silver-gilt tea and coffee-pots, with a vast number of silver cups and silver spoons—all the presentations of wealthy ladies, whose fortunes she had told, or whom she had delivered, according to their belief, by her occult incantations, from the power of some

evil spell. But are not such persons themselves more worthy of punishment than the "wise-one," seeing that, were it not for the purchasers of such-like wisdom or power, there would be none to sell it?

During his residence in rural places, the writer came in contact with not a few who had been at one time or other, in mind, body, or estate, under the supposed power of witchcraft. The witch, unlike the generality of such folks, was not always old or ugly. Sitting one day in the house of a respectable mechanic, he was startled by the sudden action of the mechanic's wife, who, rising from the seat by the fireside, rushed in mortal fear toward the door, where, seizing by the shoulders a goodly-looking woman, who that moment was in the act of entering the house, she pushed her over the threshold, saying, with quivering lip and flashing eye, "Come in here, if ta dare, thou bagtrash, thou!" The woman evicted, the door was put to with a bang, and the poor old lady retook her place at the fireside, trembling in every limb. Need I add that the ejected woman was, in the judgment of the ejector, a veritable witch —one who had the power of assuming the form, or entering into the body of cat or hare, hurting whomsoever she listed?

It was my lot, while a resident in rural parts, to lodge for a time with a singular couple, whose belief in witchcraft, and, indeed, in all sorts of superstition, was as profound as it was confirmed. My bedroom had been made by cutting off a small portion of a large room by a partition of thin wood; and, as the room was open to the slates, a ceiling of lath and paper was put over my portion thereof. This sounded, when touched, like a drum. One night I was awakened out of my sleep by hearing a tambourine-like noise overhead, occasioned by something going across this ceiling; then the something leaped down on to the room-floor, scampered down-stairs, and away into the street out of an open window.

'Oh,' said I, 'it is only a stray cat,' and so tried to get to sleep again.

But anon I heard my hostess on the floor, and soon she was hard at work down-stairs, rummaging in cupboards and corners. I knew her search would be a fruitless one: so it was; but in a while, on returning to her bed, a long, earnest, whispered dialogue was held between her and her 'owd mon.'

At breakfast next morning, believing that something more was thought about my visitor by them than by myself, I asked the old lady what had led her to make so diligent a search after the cat, as she had made.

Looking me earnestly in the face, she said:

'Ugh! A *cat*, yo call it! If ah hed a-got hod on't, ah wad a-cleaved its skull wi' th' fire-point [poker], see yo, an' a-laid its carkase on th' durstane; an' it wad a-been vary soon reported 'at a woman hed been fand deead i' bed wi' her skull cleaved!'

'What! Do you really believe that the cat and a woman are somehow mixed?'

'Ah knaw yo'll do nowt but laugh at me; but ah've suffered moore than onybody knaws fra sich-lake cratures; an' ah dunnot want yo to be hurt by 'em whale yo live wi' us. We're in a bad nayb'rhood!'

A few weeks after this incident I was passing the house just as it was becoming dark; and slily looking over the window-curtain, I saw my hostess sitting on a low stool, with her chin in the palm of her right hand, and her elbow resting on her knee, staring into the fire. I had just entered upon manhood at the time, and so had the relics of boyish larking strong in me; wherefore, acting on the promptings of the moment, I scratched on the window and mewed like a cat. The old lady sprang out of her reverie in a twinkling, and her face, the picture of terror, was turned to the window. I ran off. This was on a Saturday evening.

On Monday morning, while at breakfast, the old dame said,

'Well, Maister Brownson, we're bawn ta flit.'

'You're going to flit!' I replied, in unaffected astonishment. 'What has put that resolve into your minds?'

Fixing her bright and suspicious eye upon me, she said:

'I've told aar Richard 'at if he doesna flit me, he'll hev ta bury me. I've told him this offen; but now he believes it. Yo recollect the cat, as yo call it, 'at wanted ta git at yo a whale sin?'

'Yes; very well.'

'Weel, it com' agen on Setherday neet just on th' edge o' derk. I wor by mysen. It com' ta that theere winda; it scratched an' it gowled ta git at me: nay, it wor fair mad to git in; but it couldna, thank God. An' soa we're off fra here, I's glad ta say.'

I may just add that so many had been the journeys which Richard had taken on Sundays to see the 'wise-man,' and so much had been the fee which he had had to pay each time for advice or for material whereby to neutralize the power of the witch, that this couple were kept in poverty all the days of their lives.

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One more case only, and then I will tie up these gatherings from the stores of memory. In a beautiful rural village in a certain dale there lived, years ago, a mole-catcher; a man in middle age, the like of whom, for vigor and health, could not be met with any day. He was besides a well-informed man, and highly respected. At last an interruption took place in his health; he began suddenly to droop and fade, and in less than a fortnight he was a wreck, his flesh gone, and his strength become perfect weakness. But he had no pain. This gave an element of mystery to his case; and the impression thus made was increased when the doctor said he could not make out the cause of the wasting. 'He must have taken some subtile poison, which his system could not rid itself of.'

A friend of the writer's went to see this poor fellow just at this stage of his malady. That he was ill, yea, nigh unto death, there could be no question; and as day succeeded day, and no change took place, it began to be whispered that his was a case of foul-play. 'The second time,' said the friend, 'that I went to see the patient, he was alone, and cheerful as a lark, though weak as an infant and worn to a skeleton.'

'I sall soon be all reight agen,' said he, most emphatically.

'Indeed!' said the hearer. 'Has the doctor said so?'

'Not he!' was the reply; 'he wad let me dee, that he wad; but me wafe hes gone wheere she wanted weeks agoan, if I wad but a-let her.'

'I began,' said the friend, 'to suspect that something out of the common order was in the wind, so let the man go on.'

'Yes, fra th' furst,' said the patient in a whisper, 'me wafe believed as I wor under a wicked spell, an' soa wanted to goa to th' "wise-man"; but ah didna think as she did. Last neet, hooiver, seein' as theere wor but a step atween me an' deeath, an' as nowt seemed to stop th' complaint, ah began to think as theere meight be moore in the wafe's idea than in me ain, an' soa I sed, dee as tha thinks; an' soa she's off ta-day; an' yo'll see as I sall be all reight agen vary soon.'

'I simply relate what took place,' concluded my friend, 'without offering an opinion. That night was spent in following the directions of the wizard; a series of spells and incantations were gone through; the man took a turn; his appetite came back; and in less than ten days the mole-catcher was up and out of doors, and in a few weeks more he was in the fields after the moles. Of course, if "conceit can kill, conceit can also cure."'

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Ere long, it will be seen what education will do in eradicating a belief in such witchcraft-power as I have described, and which still lingers in some rural neighborhoods and elsewhere. As I have said, persons who move in higher circles have consulted the 'wise folk' on matters such as loss of health and of property; hence, there seems to be an innate tendency to ascribe to the supernatural what may really belong to the more occult departments of nature. This, education will no doubt open up, and so dispel delusion.—*Chambers's Journal.*

When a man speaks with ease, or writes with ease, or paints with ease, or does anything with ease and gracefulness, you may be sure it does not come natural for him to do so. He has been hard at work fitting himself for this very performance. And his preparatory work has by no means been pleasant to him. He has drudged, because without drudgery he could have no hope of success. "Of all the work that produces results," says a sensible writer, "nine-tenths must be drudgery."

[From Silverdale Rectory.]

PATCHWORK, AND BETTY SHARPLIN'S PRIZE.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

'Laws-a-mussy! laws-a-mussy!'

The expression of face that accompanied this breathless exclamation would have made a splendid study for an artist. Just within the shelter of a little bower formed in the hedge at one side of the exhibition field, stood old Betty Sharplin, in her rusty black silk poke-bonnet, brown dress, and voluminous white apron. Her meek and patient old face was now transformed with a wonderful look of amazement and doubt; while white-robed, golden-haired Miss Barnes stood beside her with her rosy lips parted in a merry smile, and looking like some fairy godmother who might have been floated into the shady bower upon the motes in the outside sunlight. And yet again her companion exclaimed 'Laws-a-mussy!'

It may be well to mention that good old Betty had not the least intention of being irreverent in her exclamation. She had been accustomed to hear and use the expression ever since she could remember, and neither she nor those others who had employed it before her had the slightest notion of its true meaning. For her it was just an ejaculation, and nothing more. But our young people who enjoy greater advantages can have no excuse, and should avoid all such expressions.

When the mayor, the squire, Miss Enid, and the Copleston boys first discovered the beauty of that fête-day August morning, they had rejoiced over it with a very lawful mixture of selfish and unselfish gratification. But there was no mingling of sentiments in the breast of old Mrs. Sharplin when she stepped to her small diamond-paned window at six o'clock in the morning, and murmured reverently 'The Lord be praised for giving the good mayor such a royal day.' Some people in the old woman's situation would have found small cause for gratitude in the circumstance. Not a few indeed would have felt it hard that the rich man and his expectant guests should thus be favored, even in such a matter as this, while they had no hope of sharing in the general joyousness and luxury, and had no prospect but that of spending the day in more than ordinary privation.

Once upon a time, nearly forty years ago, Mrs. Sharplin had given refuge in her little cottage during a violent storm to a badly-beaten, half-starved tinker's boy. She had seated him by her fire, and given him a basinful of hot bread and milk. That tinker's boy had an uncommonly good memory for those sort of incidents; and for the last twelve years or so the Southford manufacturer, or his wife and daughter, had regularly every week driven over to the cottage on the edge of Silverdale Common, and left behind them sundry packages of tea and sugar, butter, bacon, and a fine home-made loaf.

Thursday was the day on which the welcome weekly visits were paid; and Mrs. Sharplin had reflected once or twice, with a little half sigh, quickly suppressed, that unfortunately Thursday was the day appointed for the fête. Until Wednesday night had fully come the poor old woman had almost unconsciously been buoyed up with the hope that the acceptable gifts, which now in her helpless old age were the chief support of her life, would be brought to her a day earlier than usual. But it had not been so; and so she must make up her mind to wait for them a day later than usual, or even possibly to go without them altogether. As for time being found to think of her on the fête-day itself, that presumptuous notion never entered her head.

Poor old Betty! Her cupboard was so bare. She could indeed have found a poor dog a bone there, the bare bacon bone which she was keeping to boil in a little water with the two potatoes upon which she meant to make her dinner. Breakfast she must do without; for she had no bread left, and her last bit of tea she had shared with a poor sick gipsy woman the day before. And yet she stood there looking out through her window across the common with her old, withered hands clasped, and murmuring gratefully,

'The Lord be praised for giving the good mayor such a royal day!' Then

she went to bed again, to try and sleep away a little more of the time before it would be prudent to eat up those two potatoes. Instead of sleeping, however, she lay awake trying to remember whether there was any one likely to want somebody that afternoon to take care of a house, or tend a baby, or if there were any other opening for an old woman to earn a few pence, or a loaf of bread. Betty was a cheerful-spirited, genial old dame, and very active and energetic for her years, consequently she had also a healthy appetite. Some old people sink into a listless faintness when they want food; Mrs. Sharplin, on the contrary, felt very hungry; and at last, when all her thinking proved vain, she got up again, and kneeling down, repeated with simple, loving faith the prayer that she had always found answered hitherto, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

About eight o'clock a neighboring farmer's little daughter ran into the cottage, and popping down a half-pint mug, said 'Please, Mrs. Sharplin, mother's sent you a little skim-milk, she says, for your tea.' And then the little messenger rushed off again. She, at any rate, was going to the fête; and according to Dora Tickell's ideas, one of the most proper and delightful ways of making the most of special holidays was by being in a glorious state of hurry and bustle as long as possible.

But however long she had lingered in the little cottage, she would never have learnt from its occupant that the skim-milk would have to be drunk without tea. It was all very well for our well known friend Alice, when she was in such an unusual place as 'Wonderland,' to say 'I haven't had any yet'; but the probability is that if she had been at a party in her ordinary, every-day land, such a well-brought-up young lady would have received the imputation of having already had an abundant supply of cups of tea, without a word of denial to either the hare or the mad hatter. And the patience which good education gives to some people Christianity gives to others. Old Betty most thankfully accepted the kind gifts God put it into the hearts of her neighbors to bestow upon her; but when she had to go without she did so without a murmur; and she would have found it as hard as Captain Richardson himself to ask for assistance even in her sorest need, excepting from the heavenly Father, from Whom she had a little while ago so earnestly begged for her daily bread.

Mrs. Sharplin drank her milk, and then turned to the work of brushing and dusting her home, which always looked as neat as a new pin. The hours passed on. Nine o'clock—ten o'clock. The sky grew bluer, the sun brighter. Mrs. Sharplin set her door wide open, and greeted the joyous-looking day with many a glad smile. Every one far and near had been invited to 'the Towers,' and every one who had a vehicle of any kind in which to drive, or strength to walk, meant to accept the invitation. Mrs. Sharplin had neither, and so she meant to stop at home. But that was no reason for not being glad that others on that day should have the pleasant bread of innocent joy and festivity.

The half-hour rang out from Silverdale church, and round the other side of the common passed rapidly along the baronet's carriage, with its merry load of boys.

'The Lord bless the bonny bairns,' murmured the old woman, with dim eyes. She had once had two bonny bairns of her own, but the Father who gave them had long since called them home.

Sir Edmond and his young friends had been out of sight about ten minutes when once more the sound of a horse's hoofs might be heard coming rapidly along the road. This time the approaching vehicle was evidently advancing from the other direction, and on Mrs. Sharplin's side of the common. She was sitting in her little porch now, with her knitting in her hand, and she looked up rather wonderingly to discover who it could possibly be that, on this especial day, was coming away from Southford instead of going to it.

For distances her ears were quicker than her eyes; but when at length she did get sight of a certain pair of well known, high, red wheels, and of a certain well known, finely groomed, splendid dark-brown mare, her aged eyes opened to a width that they had not known for many a long day.

The mare and the wheels came on

closer, closer, close.' There was a gruff, hearty exclamation, 'Good-day to you, dame; glad to see you looking so first-rate;' and then the wheels stopped.

Mrs. Sharplin dropped her knitting, worsted ball, needles, and all, raised her hands, and with a tearful smile and quivering lips exclaimed

'Laws-a-mussy, laws-a-mussy, only to think o' such a thing!'

'Only to think of what, Granny?' asked the mayor cheerfully, as he descended from his dog-cart and passed the reins round one of the posts of the porch. 'Surely you know by this time that I always pay you a visit on Thursday, or send Mrs. Barnes as my representative?'

'Aye, aye, sir; aye, aye,' answered Betty, smiling and courtesying; 'I'm not likely to forget your kindness so long 's my memory holds anything. But—but—ye see, Mr. Barnes, this is your grand show-day, and so—and so—of course—'

'Of course you thought so badly of me as to think that I should let pleasure make me forget a duty. I see I must not come to you for a good character, Mrs. Betty, when I want one.'

''Deed then, 'deed then,' remonstrated the old woman, the color rising in her faded cheeks at finding that she had done less than justice to her friend's kind heart; but Mr. Barnes did not wait for the ending of the sentence.

''Deed then, 'deed then,' he repeated, laughing, 'I can tell you this, there will be a rare scolding awaiting us at the Towers if you and I stand here gossiping. There are a hundred and one things there waiting for me to do them; so now just stow away this basket in your cupboard yonder—you can empty it another time—and then go and pop on your Sunday bonnet, in less than a minute, and come back to me. Bring your shawl, too; it may turn cool at night.'

Betty stared; but the nod with which her stare was greeted was so very peremptory, in spite of the smile with which it was accompanied, that she delayed obedience no longer. In half-a-minute the well-filled basket was standing on the shelf beside the two potatoes and the bacon-bone, and towering over them with a comfortable, self-satisfied air of superiority. Mrs. Sharplin was in her little cupboard of a sleeping apartment, unfolding her best bonnet from the handkerchief in which it had been carefully pinned up, week by week, for the past fifteen years; and, incredible as it may appear, the wealthy mayor of Southford was actually taking advantage of her absence from her little sitting-room, to rob her of one of her very few poor little possessions. A low laugh of the keenest satisfaction issued from his lips during the performance of this extraordinary act.

In the window of the house-place, as the Americans conveniently term such a room as that of the tiny cottage, which does duty for kitchen, parlor, and reception-room, stood a small round table, used almost wholly to support the treasured Bible given to her so many years before on her wedding-day. And this table instantly attracted the sharp eyes of the mayor when he entered the room that morning. It was not for its own sake, indeed, that he gave it so much attention, nor even just then for the sake of the Bible; but between the table and the Bible was a wonderfully bright and tasteful piece of patchwork, which old Betty had taken from her drawer an hour since with a sort of holiday feeling and idea of doing honor to the mayor's day.

The table-cover was really very pretty and well-made, and was still further ornamented by an edging, most ingeniously manufactured out of little odds and ends of fringed-out silk. But still, pretty as it was as a piece of patchwork, and as an ornament to that poor little cottage-room, any one must have thought it extraordinary to see the quick way in which Mr. Barnes took two strides up to it the very moment its unsuspecting owner's back was turned. Lifting the Bible with one hand, he snatched off the cover with the other, then, losing not a moment, he folded it, and had it hidden away under the driving-seat of his dog-cart, before Mrs. Sharplin reappeared.

Betty was far too 'flustered,' as she called it, at the unexpected honor done her, at the unexpected answer to her prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' to notice her loss, and Mr. Barnes took good care not to

give her much time or opportunity to do so. Placing himself between her and the table as she came out of the inner room, he took her by the arm, and drawing her quickly on, exclaimed, smiling,

'Come, come, Granny! You must forgive my hurrying you so much; but I have two tyrants at home, you know, and what they will do to me if I am too long absent I cannot say.'

Before the good old dame knew what was going to happen she found herself hoisted up into the dog-cart, the mayor beside her, and being driven 'like a lady,' as she breathlessly murmured, towards Southford, and all the coming feasting and gaiety. Once or twice she thought that she really must be in a dream; and, to tell the truth, she was too bewildered to be quite sure whether she wished her present position to be imagination or reality. She was still in the middle of about her hundred and fiftieth 'Deary, deary, deary me, only to think of such a thing,' when Mr. Barnes helped her down from the carriage as carefully as though she had been a queen, and handed her over to one of the servants, with instructions to furnish her at once with as good a dinner as anybody had ever eaten in that house.

'Mussy me, mussy me,' she ejaculated, as she hobbled along to the great, bright, comfortable kitchen. 'Mussy me! It's just that'n, "Dearly beloved brethren," it's just that'n that does it.'

What old Mrs. Sharplin would have said, or still more, what she would have thought, had she known that the mayor had possession of one of her best and very few poor little treasures, it is almost impossible to imagine; but, fortunately for her faith in brotherly love and kindness, she knew nothing of the robbery, as we have seen, until pretty, dainty Miss Enid came flying across the field to her a little before five in the afternoon, and with sparkling eyes asked her to come up to the exhibition-tent to receive a prize for fine needlework.

'For what, missie dear, for what?' asked the old dame, in a tone of utter bewilderment.

'For your beautiful piece of patchwork, Granny, to be sure. Every one in the tent is admiring it, and we all think that it deserves the best prize that can be given to-day; so please come now, and get it at once.'

As Enid spoke she once more held out her hand to lead her companion onwards; but instead of receiving the proffered aid, Betty threw up her arms, and ejaculated over and over again—

'Laws-a-mussy, laws-a-mussy.'

For all that appeared to the contrary, she might have spent the remainder of the day in that way had not the laughing girl beside her suddenly put her own strong young arm around her waist, and almost lifted her forward out of the seclusion of the bower.

'There, Granny,' she said merrily, 'now, you see, you are in full view of everybody, and they are all looking at you, and they are all waiting for you. If you won't come on I shall have to carry you, and I have shown you that I am quite strong enough, so please make your choice at once.'

'What about, missie? My choice of what?'

'Why, whether you'll walk up to the tent, or be carried there.'

Mischievous Enid stretched out her arms with an air of eagerness to accept the latter choice, and with a scared look Betty Sharplin started forward exclaiming 'Nay, nay then, Miss Barnes, and thank ye. But if so be as I must go up to the quality, I'll feel more at my ease belike if I get to them on my own two feet.'

'So I expect, Granny,' said Enid, half choking with laughter at her companion's seriousness. 'But, you see, those same own two feet of yours are so very slow in getting you to them. Ah! just what I expected, there is actually papa himself coming after you.'

'Law sakes, law sakes!' cried Betty, more agitated than ever, and fairly running forward at last to avoid as much as possible of the honor of being publicly escorted by the good mayor into the midst of the gay company.

Tottering and stumbling over the grass, with Enid drawing her on by one arm, and the mayor holding her by the other, the old dame was not much longer in reaching the tent, where the first thing that met her eyes was her own patchwork table-

cloth, held up by Guy Patterson and Herbert Richardson. She started back in amaze. Instead of accepting the sight as an explanation of Enid's words, she felt more surprised than ever. How it came to be there she could not imagine. That it really was hers she knew well enough. She so perfectly remembered every little star, and oblong, and diamond-shaped piece, and she so vividly recalled the triumphant feeling with which she had sewn on that rainbow fringe.

'Ah! yes, sure enough, the patchwork table-cover was hers,' was old Betty's final decision in her own mind; 'and, moreover, Miss Enid was right enough in calling it fine needlework, though, maybe, she said it who shouldn't.'

As though in answer to her silent thought, at that very moment Lady Wright came towards her with a kind smile of welcome and pleasant words—

'Pray, Mrs. Sharplin, will you be generous enough to teach us the secret of patience and good eyesight by which you accomplished this wonderful piece of needlework? For my part I have never seen anything to surpass it.'

'The many kinds of stitches used in joining the pieces are quite extraordinary,' added Mrs. Copleston, once more examining the curiosity of lacework, patchwork, and embroidery.

'It reminds one of the life-long labors of this kind that used to be undertaken by our ancestresses,' said Mrs. Barnes, her sweet face expressing a certain sense of fatigue and oppression in the mere contemplation.

Old Betty stood smoothing down her apron, and rejoicing that attention was being diverted from herself to her work. She even began to contemplate the possibility of escape back to her former seclusion, and with a furtive turn of her head towards the tent opening made two steps in retreat.

Frank Copleston sprang forward, and caught at her shawl, laughing—'Edith, Edith, come and help. The prisoner is going off.'

'Ah now, Master Frank, let me a be, do now, there's a dear young gentleman,' came the reproachful plea. But it was useless now. The heroine of the hour was hemmed in on all sides, and retreat was impossible until she had received the prize, or rather prizes, awarded to her for her performance.

First and foremost came a sovereign, presented to her by the mayor himself; then a second from Sir Edmond and Lady Wright, who excused the addition by a laughing declaration that they saw no just reason why they should be excluded from participation in the affair. The same plea was made use of by Mrs. Barnes when she wrapped a red and black woollen shawl round the old woman's shoulders, and then, seeing that the recipient of these most unexpected gifts was becoming painfully oppressed by the unwonted attention paid her, by gratitude and astonishment, Enid and Edith took gentle possession of her, and conducted her to the Towers' breakfast parlor, where they left her alone for an hour to recover herself by the aid of quiet and a teapotful of good tea, accompanied by ham and eggs and bread and butter. It may be as well to mention that she was not left to solitude long, however; for her friend, the old housekeeper, found her, and carried her off to her quarters, where the two old dames spent the rest of the evening in the cosy delight of a sociable chat, which did wonders in soothing good old Betty's agitated feelings.

At eight o'clock Betty Sharplin was sent carefully home again in the mayor's private omnibus, with a party of mothers and babies belonging, like herself, to Silverdale. And as she knelt in prayer that night she suddenly broke off, when she uttered the words 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and with tears streaming down her aged cheeks murmured 'Ah! dear Lord, but ye have given me, to-day and always, so much more than daily bread, such heaps on heaps of blessings, it seems a'most, sometimes, as though a body should leave off asking for any more.'

About the same time little Bobby Balston was repeating his simple prayer at his mother's knee. They had been at the fête, and had been of the number of the omnibus company, and the dear little curly-headed fellow had enjoyed the whole of the bright holiday from beginning to end. Now he was saying his daily evening prayer—'Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by Thy

great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of Thy only Son——'

There Bobby paused, and then softly murmured over again, 'For the love—O mother! there's a deal of love, isn't there?' he asked, raising his soft, grave blue eyes to his mother's surprised face.

'Lor, child, I suppose so,' she answered with a tired yawn; 'but, bless me, ye're a queer child, and I'm that tired I can't stand talking about things to-night; besides, ye ought to be in your bed.' So saying she lifted the little boy from the floor, and with a kiss more tender and slow than her words, put him into his little bed, and tucked him up, bidding him go to sleep, and not bother his baby-brain with thoughts too big for it.

Bobby fell asleep with the words still echoing in his mind—'For the love of Thy only Son.' Let us hope that the good mayor's grand gala day ended for him, and all his visitors, with the happy peacefulness felt by two of the humblest and feeblest of his guests.

MEMORY.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller was as famous for his memory as for his puns and quibbles. Pepys bears testimony to the strength of the former, while he often enjoyed the humor of the latter. Going from Temple Bar to the end of Cheapside, this jocular divine could tell, on his return, every sign on either side of the way, in the order in which they stood. Underlying his facetious style, in "Rules for improving the Memory," there is a practical philosophy which cannot be amended. Want of space forbids giving the whole passage: "First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning. Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable."

It is not my purpose to enumerate the advantages to be derived from a right culture of the memory, but I cannot forbear alluding to one which is intimately connected with its improvement. Youth is the proper season to begin the training, not of one, but of all the mental faculties; and the education of the head, like the education of the heart, continues as long as life shall last. There is nothing which so invigorates the memory as the habit of committing passages from favorite authors. If we are careful in our selections, they are serviceable to us, and may become, as Ruskin says, "nests on the sea indeed, but safe beyond all others; . . . fairy palaces of beautiful thoughts, bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to dwell in." I can cite no greater example of the incomparable benefits of thus educating the memory, than that of Milton, who turned with sightless eyes to the composition of "Paradise Lost." Mr. Hallam has beautifully and instructively pictured this period in the blind poet's life: "Then the remembranee of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his, not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude, or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful

lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not indeed whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favor, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life."—*A. J. Faust, in Appletons' Journal for December.*

WASHINGTON.

No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure, with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue, out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow landowners of Virginia, and the experience of war which he had gained by service in border contests with the French and the Indians, as well as in Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was only as the weary fight went on, that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy; that never, through war or peace, felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in presence of his memory. But even America hardly recognized his real greatness while he lived. It was only when death set its seal on him that the voice of those whom he had served so long proclaimed him "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."—*Green's History of the English People.*

[For the Church Monthly Magazine.]

A TRAVELLER'S FANCY.

The groaning wheels, the droning wheels,
Seem grinding through my brain,
Relentlessly, relentlessly,
As forward flies the train.

Like tides that rise, like Time that flies,
Like force beyond control,
Forever on, and on, and on,
Those ceaseless circles roll.

My ears are wearied with their din;
The world around me reels;
My busy brain, my dizzy brain,
Spins with the spinning wheels.

But on, with never stop nor stay,
Past mountain, hill, and plain,
Till sunlight ends and rain descends,
Relentless roars the train.

At morning tide, on every side,
The world in sunshine lay;
The yellow flowers of Autumn bloomed
Along our westward way.

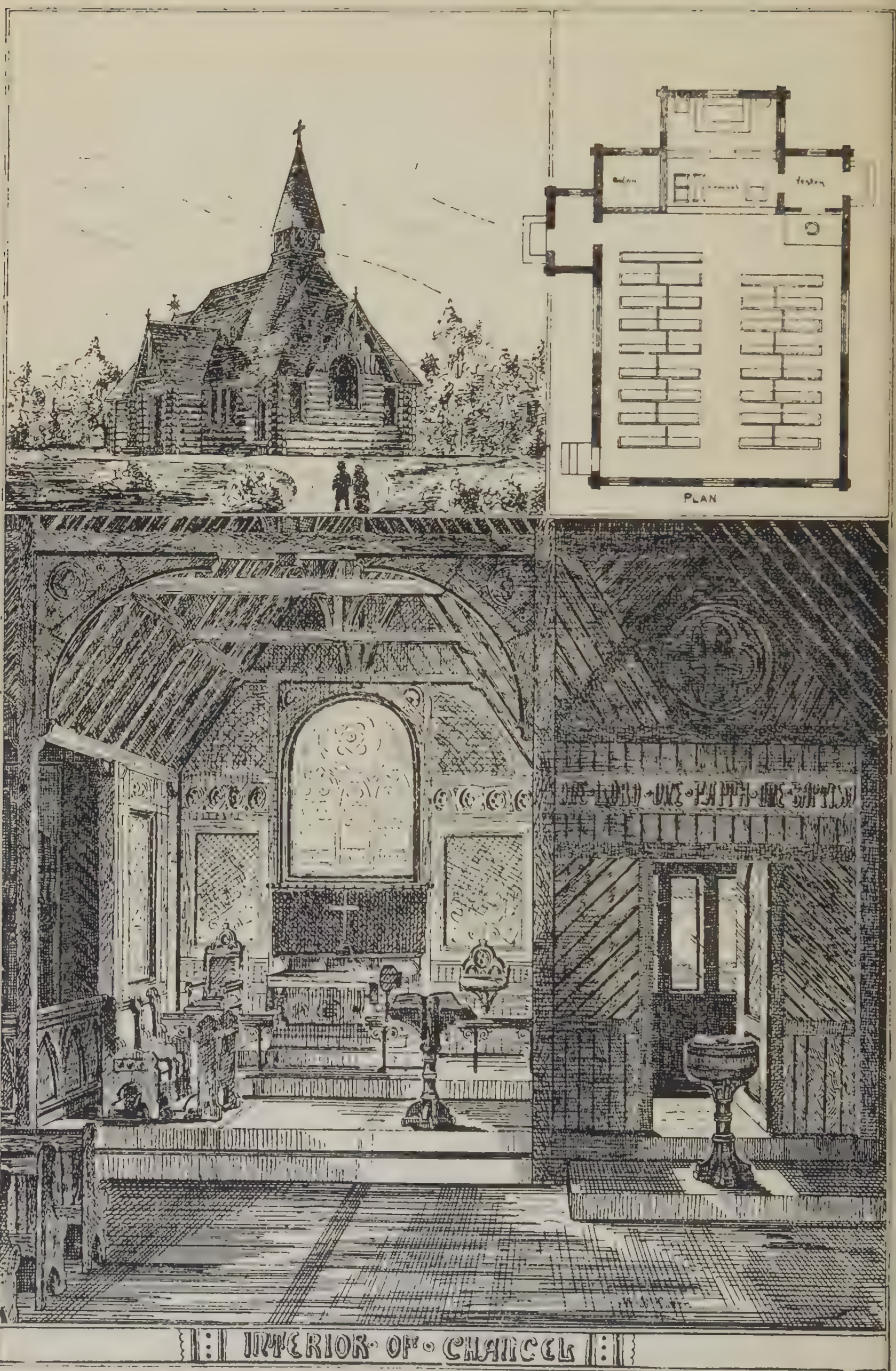
A country fair, a landscape rare,
Spread out on either hand;
Then all at once the tunnel's gloom
And frowning mountains grand.

And what is this but Life, our Life,
That passes day by day,
From dawn till night, through dark to light,
With never stop nor stay.

Will by and by the sunset sky
Illumine all the west?
Or will the dreary rain still fall
As we approach our rest?

C. P. V. W.

Truly the possession of Christ is the hidden treasure of God, the fullness of all virtue, the perfection of the religious heart, the sum of all sanctity.—*Thomas a Kempis.*


PLAN
INTERIOR OF CHANCEL

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH LOGS.

The accompanying engraving is a sketch of a log church, built by local labor at Saranac Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., principally by the efforts of Dr. E. L. Tredeau, and kind friends and visitors in that delightful region. Its name is "St. John in the Wilderness."

Even a log cabin may be made picturesque; what is needed being good taste and some knowledge of architecture. When it becomes desirable in a remote wilderness, far away from the ordinary materials for building, to erect a church, a knowledge of early Gothic, or what is sometimes called rural Gothic, will enable one to produce a most picturesque structure from rude logs and saplings. The Gothic has an advantage over all other styles in that it does not require straight and square forms perfectly balanced. It delights in graceful inequality.

Some of our readers in the Far West may take a hint from what is here presented, and in their own vicinity show "what can be done with logs."

SCIENTIFIC.

Some very curious researches of a zoological character have been made lately by M. Lortet in the Lake of Gennesaret, the Biblical Sea of Galilee. The level of the lake being some 600 or 700 feet below that of the Mediterranean, it was interesting to find out whether the present or past fauna in the lake resembled that of the larger inland sea. In this way M. Lortet hoped to show that at some far distant period there had been a communication with the Mediterranean, which communication had been severed by geological convulsion. The greatest depth was found to be 250 mètres, in the extreme north, near where the river Jordan enters into it. Strange to say, on the banks and highlands surrounding the lake the same round stones were found, showing a sea abrasion, and at that exact elevation which to-day belongs to the Mediterranean level. This shows almost conclusively that at some former period the level of the Sea of Tiberias and the Mediterranean were the same. As to there having been any communication between the two, that is a question not so readily solved. M. Lortet thinks that at one time the salinity of the lake must have equalled that of the Dead Sea. As it was, the study of this water induced the French *savant* to spend a long time in this region, calling in the energies of languid and indifferent Arab boatmen. There are, according to M. Lortet, forty-two different kinds of fish in the lake, of which seven belong to the species known as *Chromis*. One family of this kind presented the curious trait of hatching its young in its mouth, and for that act was very appropriately named *Chromis paterfamilias*. But beyond the fish, ten mollusks, two tortoises, a crab, and a shrimp, were the only living organisms. But what was remarkable was the abundance of the fish. Two castings of the net usually filled M. Lortet's boat.—*New York Times.*

An Old Testament.—At a Deemster's court in Ramsay, Isle of Man, a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament, and not the New, the Deemster requested a constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After awhile that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking, dilapidated book, which on being examined, proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was, "Please, your Honor, it was the oldest one I could find."—*Chambers's Journal.*

Cologne Cathedral, viewed from a financial point of view, represents an enormous amount of capital. It is calculated that the sums applied to its completion since 1821, from public and private sources, must amount to about 18,000,000 marks, which added to the previous outlay, will give a grand total of 40,000,000 marks, or over £2,000,000.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Wouldn't you like to have me bring Carl home to spend Christmas with us? He has nowhere to go, and is expecting to spend the holidays here at work; but it is a pretty doleful prospect, for all the fellows are going somewhere. Every studio in the building will be deserted.'

This was part of a letter which my brother wrote home a week or two before Christmas. Of course, mother's answer to it was 'Bring Carl, by all means. We shall be very glad to have him come. We expect to have a quiet Christmas, but it will be pleasanter for him than being alone, poor boy.'

Mother's heart went out toward the lonely young student, as indeed it did toward all who were alone in the world, but more especially toward him perhaps because he was Harry's friend—and Harry, our artist brother, held undisputed possession of the softest, warmest corner in mother's heart.

So it happened that Carl came home with my brother. We all liked Harry's friend. His good-humored ways and quiet fun soon made him one of us. Indeed he dropped into our home circle so naturally, that we scarcely felt that there was a stranger among us.

It happened on Christmas eve that we were all gathered about the open wood fire in the library, talking over other Christmas eves and Christmas days that we had spent, and telling some of those delightful little incidents which always seem to cluster about the holiday time. We had been silent, however, for a moment, when Carl said

'I know a story, a true one, about a Christmas eve in New York. I'll tell it to you if you like.'

We did 'like,' of course, for this was just the time and place for story-telling. We had turned out the gas, and could only see each other's faces by the fitful glow of the firelight.

'It was many years ago,' began Carl, 'and the children have grown up now, though I dare say they both remember it well. To begin with, the family were German. The father and mother had come over to this country a short time after their marriage. It was no longer pleasant for them to remain among their friends, for theirs had been an unequal marriage, the wife being of much higher rank than the husband. Such things are not looked upon as leniently there as here. He was a clever man, however, and had a remarkable versatility of talent. He was a fine mechanic and draughtsman, and quite an artist in his way, and something of a musician too; but I do not think he had that talent which makes a man succeed, whatever that may be. Besides,' and here Carl hesitated, as though to soften his meaning by a gentler word, and then giving up the trial, said in a lower voice, 'he used to drink. He was not so bad at first. Perhaps his wife, whose marriage with him had been hasty, did not know this before she married, and perhaps she looked on it, as many good girls seem to do now, as a habit not so very bad after all, and certainly not incurable.

'However that may have been, his coming to this country, and his search for employment, which was for a long time unsuccessful, seemed rather to increase than lessen the hold which this habit had on him. He and his wife were obliged to live in small rooms in a very shabby neighborhood, and in one way and another everything seemed to go wrong with them

for many years. But the wife was a brave woman, and she kept up heart when her husband's courage failed. She could not speak a work of English, and he but a little; but somehow or another, through the German-speaking clergyman of the chapel which the wife had found and attended, work of a suitable kind was found for the husband.

'All went well after that for a number of years, and a son and a daughter were born to them. Still, the horrible demon which had possessed the man, though it had lain quiet for a time, had not lost its hold upon him. If ever any poor woman tried with all her strength to save a man, that woman tried to save her husband. He seemed to love his wife too, though it had always been an inexplicable mystery to me how a man can treat with such persistent disregard and cruelty any one he really cares for. Well, I think he almost broke her heart. He would have done so entirely had it not been for the children. She felt that she must live for them. Of course, her husband lost his place, and many other places, though his skill as a workman made him too valuable a man to be given up without reluctance on the part of his employers. When he was sober, he would get odd jobs to do; but they did not last long, and the money gained by them was soon spent as the rest had been.

'But there is no necessity for telling you all this. It is enough to say that he went from bad to worse. His wife never ceased to love and care for him as she had done in the early days of their life together, when she had been his first thought. Many a night she has not slept for praying for him, and in the mornings he would oftentimes kiss her and the children, and promise her that he would do better; but at evening the same unsteady step would be heard on the stairs, and he would come into the bright, cheerful little room (for it was always that, in spite of the poverty of its contents) in a state more like—but I can't tell you that part; you all know what drink will bring a man to.

'I do not see how that woman kept up her faith and courage. She hoped against hope, and believed in every promise as though the same had not been made and broken a thousand times before. Well, as I said, the family were very poor. They lacked almost the necessaries of life, and sometimes even the pawnshop was resorted to as a last means of keeping the wolf from the door. The wife sewed neatly, and her fingers were never idle; but I never knew a woman yet who could support herself and a husband and two children with her needle. Things were very little better than this that day before Christmas, when the father went down stairs with an earnest promise on his lips. His wife believed in him, and she stood at the window watching him out of sight, and threw a kiss to him as he turned the corner; but her eyes were full of tears when she turned around.

'I re—she went out that day as she had done many days before, leaving her little son to take care of baby Amelia, while she carried home some work she had been doing, and made some purchases on the way back with the money she had received. Perhaps you think it was foolish for her to spend almost half of that money in buying a little Christmas Tree, and toys and bright hangings to put on it; but she was German, and she was a mother. I think it would have grieved her more than all besides to be obliged to tell poor little Amelia that there was no good St. Nicholas, or

that he came to rich people's houses only. The little girl had talked all day long in her happy childish way about St. Nicholas, who had trees with picture-books and dolls on them, and had been wondering if he would bring one for her.

The little tree was smuggled into the house, and put up in the general living room, screened from the children's prying eyes by an old sheet pinned up. The tree was not to be lighted till father came home. There was a hot, savory supper ready and waiting for him too. But when he came—well, it was the same old story. Another broken promise was added to the already long list. Then for the first time his poor wife broke down. I believe she fainted, at least she fell on the floor with a horrible moan, which seemed to come from the very depths of her soul. Little Amelia wept silently, half scared, in the corner, for she, too, poor child, young as she was, had learned to understand. Her brother tried in a great many awkward ways to bring his mother to, and grew frightened—O how frigntened no one will ever know—at the still white face and motionless form. When the poor mother did move at last, and raised herself from the floor, her husband was not to be seen. The door was partly opened, and he was gone.

'"We won't have a Christmas Tree to-night, my children; you must go to bed now," were the first words she managed to say. "I don't feel well, and we can have our Tree early in the morning. I see that father has gone out too, and we would not like to have it without him." The children did go to bed, and little Amelia sobbed herself to sleep in her brother's arms. He lay wide awake, and heard the clock strike two, three, and four times, and listened to the heavy sighing of his mother in the next room. He meant to keep awake and watch as long as she did; but he was only a child after all, and he fell asleep too after awhile, and then woke again with a sudden start and a feeling of shame that he had not been able to keep awake. Can you fancy how Peter and James and John felt when our Lord found them sleeping, because their eyes were heavy? It was the sound of his father's voice in the next room which had wakened this boy. He listened a moment to the words, and then felt ashamed again that he had done so. They were very earnest words which he heard from his father's lips there in the dead of the night, and he has never forgotten them, and never will. He buried his head in the bedclothes and tried to go to sleep again, but it was of no use. Then the door opened, and the mother came in to wake the children. Father had come home, she said, and wanted the children to have their Tree then.

'There was a happy smile on her face as she roused the little girl and hastily dressed her, and told her that father was lighting the Tree then, and little Amelia's eyes, still glistening with the tears of her troubled sleep, brightened too. The clock struck one; it was an odd hour for a Christmas Tree to be sure, but that made no difference to them. It was a very small Tree, and the few toys were very cheap and poor, as they needs must have been; but I doubt if any two children were ever happier over the most costly-dressed Tree that was ever set up on a Christmas eve, and the day was the pleasantest Christmas day that family had ever spent together. The poor little Tree, with its shabby dressings, had done a better work than just to make two children merry. Who can tell the thoughts

that the sight of it had put into the poor bewildered brain of that father? and the sweet, pale face of his wife brought to his mind other and better days, perhaps.

'Whatever it was—and it may have been something higher and better than either of these that moved him—I do not know; but the sight of them and of the half-expectant, half-frightened children, was too much for him to bear. He sought relief in the open air. I do not know where he went that night, but it must have been miles. But he went with a stern purpose before him—to walk himself sober, and by God's help to keep so, no matter how hard the struggle. He did keep so, and there were other happy Christmas days in that household, though not many of them.'

'He didn't go and drink again, did he?' asked my sister Amy rather indignantly.

'No, never; but he died a few years after, and his wife's death soon followed his.'

'What became of the children?'

'Amelia went to live with a lady in the country, who had taken a great fancy to her in the Sunday-school; but she is grown up and married now. She married very young.'

Carl paused, as though he had finished his story. We were all silent for a time. The story had seemed so horribly real. It was rather too sad a story for Christmas eve. The fire was burning low, but just then the wood dropped, and a bright flame shot up and glowed in our faces for a moment. I looked at Carl; he was gazing with his great earnest blue eyes far into the firelight, and there were traces of tears about the long lashes.

Could it be possible, I thought; and then Amy said, 'But the boy, you did not tell us what became of him?'

'Perhaps,' answered Carl with a half laugh, 'it is because nothing has become of him. He has knocked about the world a good many years, but he hasn't done anything worth mentioning yet, though I hope he will some day. I am afraid he doesn't amount to much.'

'But he does, though,' broke in Harry, putting his arm around his friend's shoulders, and then with a slight huskiness of voice he added, 'He amounts to the hardest-working art student I know of, and,' in a lower tone, 'the best friend that a rattle-brained fellow like me ever had.'

[From the Church Sunday School Magazine.]

THE CHRISTIAN ATHLETE.

"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."—1 *Cor. ix.* 25.

How poor and worthless in our eyes
The crowns that form'd the athlete's prize!
What was his prize? What was the crown
Which gained him honor and renown?
The victor in Olympic games
Wild olive for his guerdon claims;
The Pythian winner, pleased, receives
His coronet of laurel leaves;
While Isthmian champions love to twine
Around their brows the rugged pine.
All these, though withering, still are seen
Related to the evergreen;
But sprigs of parsley, soon to fade,
Wreaths for Nemæan conqueror made.
For crowns like these did men contend?
Put forth their energies, and spend
Their strength, and never turn away
From painful training every day?
Shall we, then, in our Christian race,
Move only on with sluggish pace?
Shall we refuse, with all our might,
To run, to wrestle, and to fight,
That when our painful course is done,
The conflict past, the battle won,
We too, as conquerors, may obtain
The glorious prize we hope to gain?
O shall we for a moment think
From needful discipline to shrink;
Forgetful that we first endure
The cross, and then the crown secure?
Look at our crown! Behold our prize!
No leaf that fades, no herb that dies;
A glorious crown that still will shine,
When all the joys of earth decline;
A heavenly, aramanthine prize,
That blooms beyond the bright blue skies;
A wreath secure from all decay,
A crown that never fades away! C. O.

Some persons are above our anger, others below it; to contend with our superiors is indiscretion, and with our inferiors an indignity.

Editor's Portfolio.

We have never placed confidence in the reported miracles in the Roman Catholic Church. For, besides the many well known instances of pious frauds—which under the Liguorian standard of morals have been deemed justifiable—many of the reputed wonders have been so simple and silly that it has been impossible to suppose that even they who repeated the marvellous stories themselves believed in them. There is a majesty and dignity about Scripture miracles which many of the reputed ones of mediæval and modern times lack. There are no winking madonnas in the Bible.

But while seeing good reason to question the truth of many reputed marvels, we have never yet doubted the possibility, or even the probability, of the exhibition of miraculous power, now or at any other time, when God should see fit to grant it. Of course the theory has been ably put forth and defended that miracles were gradually withdrawn from the Church, as she needed them only in her infancy. St. Chrysostom asserts this under the image of a tree which, when first planted, is watched and surrounded by protections, but "after it was fixed and rooted and sprung up on high, after it had filled all the world, Christ both took away the defences and for the time to come removed the other strengthenings." But still the question whether "the age of miracles has passed" is purely one of fact. There were under the Jewish dispensation long periods when there was "no open vision" or miraculous interposition. It has been so under the Christian dispensation. But there is very good reason for believing that the power of God exhibited at the hands of the Apostles continued for awhile after their day, and there is no good reason to doubt that whenever there shall be need for such manifestations again they will be granted.

We learn from the secular papers that on a recent Sunday the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., expressed his belief in the reality of the miracles said to be wrought at Lourdes and at Knock. He was grateful that the faith of believers had been so honored of God. Thereupon in the editorial columns of the *New York Times* appears an article written evidently by a Roman Catholic, in which occurs the following passage:

> If miracles are wrought at a Roman Catholic shrine, the fact is the clearest possible evidence that a degree of Divine favor is extended to the Church of Rome which is not shown to any Protestant Church or sect. What, then, becomes of Mr. Tyng's energetic Protestantism if the Lourdes cures are true miracles? How can he any longer regard the Roman Catholic Church as an enemy? Against all his former theories of the apostate character of that Church he must now set what he believes to be the fact, that she still has the witness of miracles. . . . No higher witness to the truth of the claims made by that Church could be given than the witness of miracles. How can Mr. Tyng remain hostile to a Church which can show this incontestable proof of Divine favor? If the Lourdes cures are miraculous, the Roman Catholic Church has, in legal phrase, made out its case.

The conclusion is not at all warranted by the premises. Miracles are not necessarily granted in attestation of the truth of a system. Reputed miracles in the Greek Church have been as strongly attested as any in the Roman. The Moravians claim them, so do the Irvingites; and there are plenty of examples in the various Protestant denominations attested on what was believed good authority. Now granting to the witnesses of all these

various religious bodies as much honesty as those in the Roman Church, there is as much reason for believing in one as in the other. God cannot love error as He loves the truth. But God accepts a devout and faithful one wherever found, even under the teachings of an erroneous system. The Samaritan worshipped he knew not what, for salvation was of the Jews. Yet the piety of the Samaritan was often a rebuke to that of the Jew. So also among the various denominations, many of which must be in error, yet within any one of them there may be found a faith of which the Lord could say "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," and on whose behalf He might put forth supernatural power.

But there is in history an argument which refutes the writer in the *Times* on his own principles. In the contest between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, resulting in one of the most cruel and outrageous persecutions on record, the so-called "five propositions" in Jansen's book, the "Augustinus," were at the instigation of the Jesuits, condemned by the Pope, and the fall of the Port-Royalists was decreed. Their schools were broken up, the recluses were driven away, and an Order of Council was signed against the postulants and nuns, and it was resolved to turn them out of both houses of Port Royal. But just at this time, in March, 1656, a marvellous cure—as strongly attested as it is possible to imagine such as capable of being—was wrought by a splinter, a relic from the crown of thorns which encircled the Saviour's head. So strongly convinced were all parties, that the Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Paris, after inquiry, approved and verified the miracle, and it was publicly sanctioned by the Church.

This was the case of a standing or falling party in the Church. The Port Royalists had been condemned for heresy. They refused to sign a recantation or even modification. They suffered for their belief at the hands of the Church authorities, and as the decree for their suppression was about to be carried into execution a miracle occurs—as well attested as any in the annals of Romanism—and is authoritatively acknowledged.

Now apply the argument of *The Times* to this case, and it shows that the Jansenists were right and the Jesuits wrong, and all the subsequent persecutions of the Port Royalists, the cruel imprisonment of the nuns, the robbing them of their revenues, the demolition of their buildings, and the revolting desecrations of their graveyards, all were so many acts of resistance to the truth, for the truth of the doctrines of the Port Royalists in opposition to those of the Jesuits had been established by miracle.

Archbishop Trench, in his work on "Miracles," thus contrasts the sparsity of Scripture miracles with the superabundance of them in mediæval times:

There is here in all this an entire absence of prodigality in the use of miracles; they are ultimate resources, reserved for the great needs of God's kingdom, not its daily incidents; they are not cheap, off-hand expedients which may always be appealed to, but come only into play when nothing else would have supplied their room. How unlike this moderation to the wasteful expenditure of miracles in the Church history of the Middle Ages! There no perplexity can occur so trifling that a miracle will not be brought in to solve it; there is almost no saint, certainly no distinguished one, without his *nimbus* of miracles around his head; they are adorned with these in rivalry with one another, in rivalry with Christ himself; no acknowledgment like this,

"John did no miracle" (John x. 41), in any of the records of their lives finding place.

The theory that miraculous gifts were withdrawn at or very near the close of the apostolic age, finds support in the fact that the early writers do not allude to them as commonly occurring. The most prominent of the early Fathers (though some of them believed in miracles as wrought in their time), yet while they were engaged in the fiercest contests with heretics, and when a miracle would operate powerfully in their favor, yet had no wonder to show. Ignatius, Irenæus, Cyprian—all martyrs and bishops—did no miracle. Neither did Ambrose. The theory of miraculous power continuing with the Church did not prevail with the early writers. Isidore, Bishop of Seville in the sixth century, writes:

The reason why the Church does not perform the miracles which she performed under the Apostles, is that then it was fitting that the world should believe through miracles; but now it is fitting that the world, already believing, should shine in good works.

But during the Middle Ages miracles are said to have multiplied. But it is a singular fact that like the miracles of Mohammed, nothing was known of them until after the death of the saint. Thus on the application for the canonization of Ignatius Loyola, upwards of two hundred miracles were laid before the Pope. Yet in his first biography, written fifteen years after his death, not the trace of a miracle appears; nor does the second edition, greatly enlarged, mention one. Two years before the appearance of this second edition, in 1585, the Jesuit Maffei published a biography of the great founder of his society. In this he speaks of remarkable occurrences, of ecstatic visions, etc.; but even these are mentioned apologetically, as though not perfectly satisfied himself of what he relates.

Take again the case of Francis Xavier, whom the Roman Church has surrounded with miracles—healing the sick, raising the dead, and even imparting miraculous powers to his catechists. But of these no credible historic document exists. Not only so, but in his letters still extant, written from the scene of his labors among the heathen in the Far East, though full of testimonies of his zeal and discretion, and abounding in salutary counsels to other missionaries, yet these do not mention a single miracle wrought by himself; nor is there a word of the likelihood of miracles coming to the aid of any missionary in his work.

The able paper which we give in this number on the Christian Sunday, treats on a subject of the utmost importance. The increasing disregard of the Lord's day is putting in peril the permanency of the Christian religion in our country. If there is no obligation to hallow that day, it is simply preposterous to think of men's hallowing it as a privilege. If its observance is to be a matter of choice, so will the attendance upon the sanctuary be; and with this goes public worship, the preaching of the Gospel, and the administration of the Sacraments. If there is any restraint at all upon those who habitually disregard Sunday, it is a respect for the feelings of those who hallow it. If Christian people generally adopt lax notions on this subject, there is no restraint upon any, and our Christian Sunday is gone.

With regard to the change from the seventh day to the first, a strong argument is found in the consideration of the fact that what was implied by the seventh day is not that the week

was so marked off that Sunday was necessarily the first day, Monday the second, and on to Saturday, or the Sabbath, which was appointed to be the seventh; but that, whenever the week began, the seventh day, or one-seventh of the days, should be observed. This argument is strengthened by the fact that two different reasons are assigned for observing it. At the first giving of the law the chosen people are called upon to remember that day which they and their fathers had been accustomed to observe in commemoration of the fact that the Almighty, after having completed the work of creation in six periods, rested on the seventh. But there was another important event in the history of that nation. They came up from the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, setting out on their journey on the *seventh day of the week.* When then the command is repeated in Deut. v., this consideration is urged: "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm; *therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day.*" The day was then made a commemoration of the nation's deliverance. The fact that the Lord rested on the seventh day is not once mentioned in this recital. Now had our Blessed Lord risen from the dead on the seventh day of the week, that would have been a reason for the Christian observance of that day. For the delivery of the Jews from Egypt was no reason whatever for the Gentiles' keeping it. We are then thrown back on the original principle of one day in seven, which is and has been a duty from the beginning of the world; and when it comes to the question, what particular day of the seven? why, the Apostles and earliest Christians began, immediately after Pentecost, to observe the first day of the week; and the converts from Judaism, who still observed the seventh day, also joined in the keeping of the first day. When the Gentiles were brought in, they, having no previous attachment to the seventh day, at once fell in with the observance of the first, and that became an established law of the Christian Church.

Since the portion of our Magazine containing the remarks on the Passion Play went to press, Manager Abbey has wisely and in a courteous manner receded from his determination. He showed his good sense and a proper appreciation of the public mind, in doing so. But since that time the play itself has been read in a public hall. The audience was small, and judging from the portion of the play which has been printed in the papers, the composition is weak and tame. The manager has not lost by withdrawing it.

Bishop Whittle of Virginia has forbidden the use of the credence table in any of the churches in his diocese. When on a former occasion he forbade floral decorations, it was possible to obey the order. But how this new prohibition can be enforced without a direct violation of the rubric, we are unable to perceive. The rubric immediately preceding the prayer for the Church Militant is positive: "*And the priest shall then place upon the Table so much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient.*"

If the bread and wine are to be placed upon the Communion Table at that time, they were not there before. They were in some place. Common-sense would say in some convenient place. But whatever the place may be, that on which they are is really,

to all intents and purposes, a *credence table.*

True, this article of furniture is usually a shelf or table placed within convenient distance from the Communion Table or Altar. But what constitutes a credence table is not its structure or position — concerning which there is no rule—but its *use.* Whether, therefore, the elements are placed on a table or box in the vestry-room, that on which they are placed is for the time being a prothesis or credence table; and the only way to dispense with its use is to dispense with the rubric.

A class of Churchmen are very much afraid that we are in danger of getting away from the simplicity of Bishop White's Churchmanship. Let us hear what Bishop White has to say on *this* subject: "In the primitive Church there was a prothesis or side table, for the previous reception of the elements. The priest's removing them to the Lord's Table was considered as an official act. It is not agreeable to the present writer's habits of thinking to lay too much stress on matters of order; but as the provision now noticed was designed to be an act of devotion, although not accompanied by words, he wishes for the restoration of it by the reducing to practice of the original rule."—*Bishop White on the Ordination Office.*

There is a steady decrease of Congregationalism in New England. The Rev. Dr. Anderson, in a recent article in *The Congregationalist,* shows, on the authority of the Minutes of the General Conference, that in Connecticut the additions by profession to the churches of the ten cities of the State, with a membership of 14,874, exceeded the number removed by death by only 9, while in six cities, with a membership of 10,395, the number removed by death actually exceeded the additions on profession by 41. In the city of Hartford, to nine Congregational churches having a membership of 3,000, there were added in 1879 only 25, while during the same year 41 were removed by death. In New Haven, with fourteen Congregational churches and 4,411 resident members, there were added to these churches 66, while 69 were removed by death; actual loss of three. And in the city last named, including changes by letter, discipline, etc., there was an actual decrease in membership of 59.

The eighth triennial report of the Society for the Increase of the Mintry shows that during the last three years the receipts amounted to $68,-031.83, which added to those of previous years, make a total of $508,156 .22 contributed from the beginning. In the same period 61 of the Society's scholars have been ordained, and 562 since 1861, when ordinations of scholars began. The receipts for the year ending Sept. 1st, 1880, from 39 dioceses, amount to $27,595.49. The expenditures amount to $23,323.53. During the year 75 scholars, from 32 dioceses and jurisdictions, have received aid from the treasury. New England has furnished $10,545.17 and 23 scholars; the Middle States $10,353.73 and 25 scholars; the Southern States $871.76 and 17 scholars; the Western States $5,824.83 and 10 scholars.

In an article on 'Literary Success a Hundred Years Ago,' Margaret Hunt gives the following account of Hannah More's first meeting with Dr. Johnson:

When she was introduced to Dr. Johnson not long ago, she began singing his praises in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest enco-

miums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise had given him. Then she redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly, till at length the Doctor turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said: "Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth having." If, during this first interview, Dr. Johnson did administer such a sledge-hammer rebuke, he certainly took a liking to Miss More afterward, for we hear of his calling her child, and little fool, and love, and dearest, and with him these epithets were synonyms.

The London *Church Times* tells the story of some Sunday-school children being taken for a picnic to the seaside. One of the teachers asked her scholars how they liked the sea. 'Very much, Miss,' replied a child; 'but where are the *tinnamies*?' 'The tinnamies, my child? What do you mean?' 'Why, you know,' the child replied again, 'the tinnamies that go with the sea. You know the Commandment says "The sea and all the tinnamies."'

An exchange from which we cut the above, adds: "The teacher was quite mortified to find that this was the way the child had been repeating 'The sea and all that in them is.' We have known American children that wonder much about the contents of the mysterious *miz*, "the sea and all that in the *miz*." We have known precisely the same difficulty to occur among children of well-informed parents—"tin the miz" the little ones could not understand, but supposed it to be all right. We know of a rector, too, who overhearing an infant class repeating in unison an answer to a question, "He died for us all," suspecting that there was a total misunderstanding of the words, made inquiry and found the children's idea to be "He died for a Saul." Teachers with the sole qualification that they are "willing," should at least be required to speak so distinctly that the parrots whom they teach may get the words correctly.

CHURCH NEWS.

CONNECTICUT.—On Sunday, Oct. 31st, in St. Paul's church, Norwalk, the Bishop confirmed thirty-four persons.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—Bishop Herzog recently preached in German to the congregation of St. Joseph's church, Rome, and confirmed twenty persons. At the same time he ordained the Rev. W. L. Mott, deacon, to the Priesthood.

NEW JERSEY.—On Sunday, Oct. 24th, in Trinity church, Moorestown, Mr. Joseph R. Trimble was ordained Deacon.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.—On Saturday, Oct. 30th, in St. Mark's church, Mauch Chunk, a beautiful reredos, as memorial to the late Hon. Asa Packer, was unveiled and formally consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter.——The Rev. H. W. Spalding, D.D., acting for the Bishop, recently laid the cornerstone of St. Luke's church, Mechanicsburg.

FOND DU LAC.—Bishop Brown recently confirmed twelve persons in the Church of the Intercession, Steven's Point.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In Leicester, where the Church Congress was recently held at which the Nonconformists presented an address of welcome, the Congregational Union, at a late meeting, passed a resolution that "so far from cherishing hostility to the EpiscopalChurch itself, fully recognizes the noble work that it has done and is doing, heartily rejoices in the great increase of spiritual activity in that Church during the last half century, and—conscious that the nation needs the services of all Churches, and that the energies of all combined are unequal to the pressure of the great work that has to be be done—would deeply regret any weakening of the spiritual force of Episcopalianism, the effects of which would be felt by all religious communities."

Editor's Book Table.

THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By a Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S. J., Maryland. New York: American News Company.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop Gibbons wrote a work entitled "The Faith of our Fathers." It was answered by the Rev. Dr. Stearns in his "Faith of our Forefathers." The book before us is a rejoinder. We doubt if our author supposed that his book would obtain great circulation among Protestants. He has used such arguments as would be regarded weighty by Romanists; some of which would make little impression upon a Protestant mind. We all venerate those good old saints who were such indeed. When they state a fact of their own knowledge, we believe them. When they express an opinion it is entitled to respect, but is not authority. Besides, we Protestants need something besides the act of canonization to convince us that a person was really a saint.

Opening the book, we find upon the second page of the first chapter this argument: "As He taught but one religion, so He established but one Church, to which He committed the sacred charge and trust of this one true religion. 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church.' Hence it follows that to this one Church and no other we must belong in order to be saved."

This is very much like begging the whole question. For it remains to be shown that our Lord by "this rock" meant Peter, and that the Church founded upon it was the Roman Church. Turning to the chapter on the primacy of Peter, we find the author appealing to the fathers. In support of the view that Peter was the rock, he quotes Tertullian, Cyprian, Jerome, Chrysostom, Cyril, Ambrose, Hilary, and Gregory of Nyssa. He also quotes some learned Protestant divines in favor of the same opinion. Now it is strange that it did not occur to the writer that if Gesenius, Dr. A. Clark, Whitby, Hewlett, Burkett, and others could believe that Peter was the rock, and yet reject the Papacy, it is very possible that earlier saints might have done the same. We are very sure that such was the fact with regard to two of the saints quoted by our author. For St. Cyprian says: "Peter, whom the Lord chose first, and upon whom He built His Church, when Paul disputed with him on the subject of circumcision, claimed nothing insolently to himself, nor arrogantly assumed anything. Nor did he say that he held the primacy, and that he ought to be obeyed by those who were new and subsequent to himself." This same Cyprian gives Rome the preference to Carthage "on account of its magnitude." He also lays down the principle that "every Bishop exercises the free choice of his own will in the administration of the Church, having to render an account of his acts to the Lord." Another saint quoted by our author, Ambrose, says: "Nor was Paul inferior to Peter, although one was a foundation of the Church, and the other a wise architect. . . . Nor was Paul, I say, unworthy of the apostolic college, since he also may be compared with the first, and is second to none. For he who does not acknowledge himself inferior makes himself equal."

But there are some goodly saints whom our author does not quote. Let us hear from them. Irenæus, A. D. 170, instead of holding that the

Church in Rome was founded by Peter, expressly asserts that it "was founded and established by the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, who delivered to *Linus* the episcopal right to govern." Eusebius makes the same statement, adding that "Linus was the first that received the episcopate at Rome."

Origen about A. D. 250 asks: "If you suppose that the Church is built upon one single rock (Peter), what do you say of John, the son of thunder, and every one of the other apostles? Or shall we say that the gates of hell were not to prevail, especially against Peter? Were they then to prevail against the other apostles and perfect believers? Or was it to Peter alone that the Lord gave the keys of heaven? And if this is common to the others, 'I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven,' how should not these things which precede it, and which are evidently connected with it, be common likewise?"

Our author quotes St. Jerome, whom he styles "one of the greatest commentators of Holy Scripture," as saying that it was "the Apostle Peter upon whom the Lord built His Church." Now what are the facts. St. Jerome confesses that when he was only a presbyter he wrote a book in which he "said in a certain place, concerning the Apostle Peter, that the Church was built on him as on a rock." But he says that he afterwards expounded it differently. "For it was not said to him Thou art a rock, but thou art Peter. The *rock was Christ*, whom Simon having confessed, as the whole Church confesses Him, was called Peter."

St. Augustine gives the same interpretation. He says our Lord said: "Upon this rock, therefore, which thou hast confessed, I will build My Church. For the *rock was Christ*."

It will thus appear that it was rather a cool assumption on the part of our author, as though it were a matter admitted on all hands, without question, that Peter was the rock. Whereas it is a question of interpretation on which learned primitive fathers, as well as learned modern Protestants, differ. And as for Peter's being first Bishop of Rome, that is denied on very good authority.

The familiar arguments about the unity, holiness, catholicity, and apostolicity of the Church — neither of which are particularly descriptive of the Roman Church. Under an iron rule and a repressive system there may be a show of unity, which is external only. The holiness of the Church of Rome is not proved by its list of saints, some of whom never belonged to that Church, others died renouncing the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome beyond his own diocese, and some led most unholy and scandalous lives. Nor can a Church claim preëminent holiness which has adopted Liguorian morals which are fatal to piety. Nor does the history of the city of Rome itself exhibit the morals of clergy or laity in a light favorable to the claim of holiness. Neither can that Church claim to be exclusively catholic whose official name is "Roman"; which in some of the largest countries in the world is in a small minority; and which, if adopting the recommendation of Pius IX. to exclude from its calculation liberals, indifferents, and non-practicing members, would indeed be, as he said, but a "little flock." In the matter of apostolicity, i. e., identity with the Apostolic Church, of course it is not to be supposed that the Church that excommunicates all besides herself will recognize apostolicity in any other branch. There is one point, however, noticed by Dr. Littledale,

which would seem to make the claim to apostolicity utterly untenable—the Roman doctrine of intention. If it be true that the validity of a sacrament or ordinance depends upon the *intention* of the administrator, no Romanist can be *sure* of the ordination of any priest, or that he himself has ever received a sacrament. He may *guess*, but he cannot be sure.

But we have not space to follow the writer through his book. We have not seen in it an argument out of the stereotyped ones to be found in books of this kind—all of which have been repeatedly answered.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE; or, Twenty Years of My Ministry. By the Rev. W. Haslam, late Incumbent of Curzon chapel, Mayfair. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a republication of an English work. It is the record of twenty years' experience in the ministry of the Church of England. The author began life evidently without any correct ideas upon the subject of religion. He was a religious man just as a person is a politician, and much in the same spirit.

Of course no one can know what is going on in the mind of another, but after an extensive acquaintance with the clergy for more than thirty years, it has never been our lot to meet one who gave evidence of such an experience as that of Mr. Haslam, previous to what he proclaims as his conversion. We should be greatly surprised, too, if he were not a rare exception in England.

At his ordination, Bishop Denison delivered a charge which depressed him, it so solemnly set forth the awful responsibility of him who has the cure of souls. He asked himself "What could I do with souls? My idea of ordination was to be a clergyman, read prayers and preach, and do all I could to bring people to church. But how could I answer for souls which had to live forever?—and what was I to do with them?" (p. 17.) He had not the remotest conception how to serve and glorify God in winning souls (p. 19). He confesses (p. 30) that from the beginning of his ministry he did not preach his own sermons, but abridged and simplified Newman's. We are not surprised that he should find sermons so doctored—by a man of no more principle than to preach the sermons of another for his own—"utterly deficient in spiritual vitality." He further had the piety and good manners to say to a Dissenter, "I would bury you all to-morrow if I could, for you are no good, and can do none either" (p. 32). Of his parish work he says: "My labors were of an external character; but these I thought most important, and did them with all my might as unto the Lord" (p. 34).

In 1846 he became more zealous, and thought more of the reality of prayer, and paid more attention to his sermons (p. 39). But he believed his people could find pardon for sins only by coming to confession, and receiving absolution from him (p. 43). But he was not successful in bringing the common people to church. He used to hear about conversion, but wondered what it meant. He accordingly tried the experiment of procuring a book of 'Evangelical Sermons,' and copied several of them, which he preached. This experiment was not satisfactory. Still he was perplexed with the questions "What can this conversion be?" "What is justification?" "What is seeing the way of salvation?" (p. 49.)

There was another peculiarity about this strange being who had been ordained as a clergyman. A friend, in a bantering way, discussed with him the experience of Bishop Shirley, who on one occasion found himself, much to

his dismay, in the pulpit without a manuscript. He thereupon gave out a text, and preached, as he said, "in dependence upon God," and never wrote a sermon afterward. So our author, as the result of that conversation, and much to the surprise of the friend, who was only bantering him, resolved from that moment that he would never write a sermon, but "depend upon God." He kept his resolution; and even if his efforts in this line had been failures, they would be much better, we should say, than his former practice of stealing sermons. But it is assuming a great deal to imply that they who write their sermons do not "depend upon God"; and quite presuming, we think, to suppose that God will help those to preach good extempore sermons, who lack the natural or acquired qualifications to produce them.

The reader can now form some idea of the man as he was before his "conversion": one who entered the ministry with no just estimate of the duties and responsibilities of the office; whose work was wholly external, and who supposed that in such work he was serving the Lord; who believed that all Dissenters would be damned; who did not know what conversion meant; who preached sermons written by other persons; and who believed private confession and absolution a necessary preparation for the Communion. It is a wonder how such a person could ever have been admitted to Holy Orders at all. It is not a wonder that his ministry was a failure, and that he felt the need of conversion—or something else.

In process of time he becomes "converted," his mind having been directed that way by some occurrences in his parish, and by conversations. While conviction was taking fast hold upon him, he walked seven miles in his excitement. He felt that he had sent souls out of the world without hope, and that they were now in the other world cursing him for misleading them. Sunday found him too ill to attend church, but he went notwithstanding, intending to go through but part of the service, and dismiss the congregation. But he proceeded, and at length entered the pulpit, and after awhile felt "a wonderful light and joy" coming into his soul, when all at once a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, shouted "The parson is converted!" Of course a scene followed. He said in his sermon: "If I had died last week, I should have been lost forever." This was followed up by "a revival," in which the services were interrupted by shouts and shrieks, and cries for mercy. Children in the school would begin crying for no ostensible reason. Then a few words about love of God would make them all (sometimes a hundred at a time) cry out for mercy.

Some occurrences are recorded, which, if the narrative were a Roman Catholic one, would be set down as a kind of minor miracles. At the very time of the pulpit scene, a man miles away was praying that the parson might be converted. All at once he found it utterly impossible to go on with the prayer, when he became possessed with the idea that the parson *was* converted. He at once began to praise God, and "shouted so loud that it roused up the whole house." The next morning he found that the conversion had taken place just at that time. The next day a neighboring parson came to talk the matter over, and left him, saying "I cannot agree with you, and will oppose you as hard as I can." Turning back he said: "Haslam, God stop the man who is wrong." "Amen!" was the response. The Friday following that

man broke a blood vessel in his throat or chest, and never preached afterward. But the narrative abounds in minor miracles.

His experience of the presence and power of the Spirit was peculiar. He held a meeting in a private house, at which were such evidences of the divine influence that men and women cried aloud for mercy. But the house being crowded, the meeting was adjourned to a larger and more commodious place. But "there was no power there: it was hard to pray or preach; and the people were not even attentive." They went back to the cottage, and "there again the manifest presence of God was discernible" (p. 114). At a meeting at Mount Hawke, "the power of the Lord appeared to pass diagonally through the crowd, so that there was a lane of people on their knees, six or eight feet deep, banked up on either side by others standing. It extended from the left hand corner near me to the right hand corner in the distance" (p. 126).

Mr. Haslam's conversion does not seem to have taught him charity for those whose ideas of conversion did not accord with his own. As he had formerly handed all Dissenters over to damnation, so now he assigns to the same fate all those, however exemplary for their piety, who do not think on the subject of conversion precisely as he does. His idea of conversion is expressed in speaking of a person who was conversing with him: "He had been awakened to know himself lost and ruined by the Fall, *redeemed* by the blood of Christ, and *regenerated* by the Holy Ghost" (p. 77). Meaning by regenerated of course sanctified in will and affections. Again: "Faith does not consist in believing that I have given myself, even if I meant it ever so sincerely, but in believing that God has taken or accepted me" (p. 6). But on reading the narrative carefully, we find that the belief that God "has taken or accepted" a person, is the feeling that he has done so. Evangelical or Low Church people were as far off from grace as sacramentarians. One lady who had given up dancing and all worldly pleasures, and found delight in all spiritual exercises, and was earnest and active in the missionary cause, was assured that her soul would be lost unless she had this particular experience which Mr. Haslam had enjoyed (p. 178).

Without conversion in the sense in which he uses the term, or virtually without understanding it as he does, and being able to state the process, and knowing that he is accepted of God, a person is lost forever. His Baptism, Confirmation, Communion, and Ordination "fully avail for their respective purposes, but *have nothing whatever to do with a sinner's salvation.*"

It is time, however, to speak of the wonderful influence and success of Mr. Haslam as a preacher. After his change of views, thousands flocked to hear him wherever he went, coming miles without regard to roads or weather, filling to overflowing large buildings, etc. It reminds one of the days of Whitefield. But there are some facts worth noting. He could generally tell when an uneducated person was converted; but whereas in such case "the transition from darkness to light is often very manifest," yet "in the case of the educated the effect is not so clear" (p. 198). One passage we quote entire:

The self-restraint and self-control I had exercised in my churchy days, and which I supposed was derived from sacraments, I found wanting in my new work. We required something with authority, such as church and priest supply. I could not, how-

ever, conscientiously go back to that legal system, nor did I think there was any need, for I was sure there was something somewhere to be had which should and would supply our want, if I could but discover it. It appeared to me that my people, without this, were subject to impulse, and consequently in bondage to their feelings.

In this time of lull I found that the steadfastness of some was shaken; but I had known others, who had gone further back than these, return at a revival time with new vigor. In this way, some of the Cornish people professed to be converted scores of times.

In the course of time he again found himself not satisfied. Some persons whom he had rejoiced over as converted, went back to their former worldliness (p. 209). He began to think of himself that he had never been converted. He had been "making use of God for the purpose of getting quit of hell and gaining heaven" (p. 212). But one Sunday morning he had a new experience. His "soul was set at liberty. I felt as if a great cloud was lifted up; the light shone into my soul, and I had deliverance" (p. 213).

But there was still another experience in store for him. Some one had given him some tracts, and he became a Millenarian. But here his people would not follow him, though he was just as sure about this doctrine as he had been of the others he had embraced (p. 225). He subsequently left his parish under the expectation of appointment to another post. He, however, labored without a charge for some time, among many discouragements, and without his former memorable successes. But there were visions and occurrences and answers to prayer, which read like miracles.

The book on the whole is a remarkable record, with passages of great interest, and whatever may be thought of the soundness of the writer's theology or of his judgment, no one will fail to give him credit for simplicity of character, and honesty and thoroughness.

SISTER AND SAINT. A Sketch of the Life of Jacqueline Pascal. By Sophy Winthrop Weitzel. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

It is impossible to do justice to this volume in a mere book notice. It is worthy of a review. Jacqueline Pascal, the sister of the renowned Blaise Pascal, was one of the heroines of Port Royal, as she was one of its choicest flowers. Her biography, the interest of which is kept up from beginning to close, brings before the reader some of the most thrilling passages in the history of Port Royal. Here is presented alike the best and worst side of Romanism. The piety of such persons as Jacqueline Pascal, the Mère Angelique, Jansen, St. Cyran, Blaise Pascal, and others, has never failed to find admirers among the most ardent Protestants. Even prejudice is silent before the testimony to certain benefits of conventual life under proper guidance. We cordially commend the volume for its value both as a history and as a book calculated to promote the spiritual welfare of the devout reader.

DIVINELY LED; or Robert Owen's Granddaughter. New York: James Pott, 27 Cooper Union.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the experiment of a Community at New Harmony, Ind., under the auspices of Robert Owen and his family. Here the subject of this biography was reared, with no knowledge of the Bible or of the Church. In Europe her eyes were opened, and on her return to this country she was baptized and confirmed, became an active Churchwoman, and is now the wife of a Church clergyman. It is not mere-

ly an interesting narrative, but it suggests to the mind more than it presents to the eye. It is advertised in another page.

Conciones ad Clerum 1879–1880. By A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., Bishop of Long Island. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price $1.50.

On four occasions during Lent 1879 and 1880, the Bishop of Long Island met the clergy of his diocese for conference on the duties and the labors of the ministry. His addresses on these occasions, with some valuable appendices, are here given in one volume. Three topics are considered: 1. The Clergy and the People; 2. The Cure of Souls; 3. The Grace of Ordination: How to Quicken and Develop It.

Having had the privilege of listening to a portion of these addresses, we eagerly perused the book containing them all. We hardly know how to characterize it. It is one of those volumes which are produced perhaps once in a century. Most of the clergy, particularly those who have been years in the ministry, will remember Burnet's Pastoral Care, Wilson's Parochialia, The Pastor in his Closet, Hobart's Clergyman's Companion (with the meditations appended), and others. This volume will compare favorably with any of them, and is superior to some. Each discourse is searching, going to the very foundation principles, pointing out difficulties, snares, perils, and giving godly counsel which it is but wisdom to heed.

One feature of the work will particularly commend itself to the reader. It is fully up to the times. Not only are there suggestions for the clergy under any circumstances, but the dangers lurking in the literature and philosophy of the day are ably considered. The closing pages of the paper on the cure of souls is a most admirable summary of the philosophical difficulties and the solutions of them. In the same paper and appendix is a clear statement of the doctrine of the Church in reference to confession and absolution, showing how our branch of the Church has avoided both Roman and ultra-Protestant extremes.

The work is one which the clergy will find it to their advantage to keep by them for reading at any time. They will find in it both counsels for godly living and suggestions of themes for the pulpit.

Everlasting Punishment. Lectures delivered at St. James's church, Piccadilly, on the six first Sundays after Trinity in the year 1880. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., Dean of Norwich. New York: Pott, Young & Co. Price $1.25.

This is a valuable contribution from a well known author to a discussion which has been of late revived with considerable interest. The volume consists of five sermons. The first two are an argument to prove that everlasting punishment is not inconsistent with God's justice; the third, that it is not inconsistent with God's love; the fourth, that it is not inconsistent with His purpose in creation. The fifth sermon is on the lesson of the story of the crucified malefactor; the sixth on the Scriptural modifications of the difficulty.

It is needless to say to any one acquainted with the writings of Dean Goulburn that these topics are ably and exhaustively treated, and that the style is clear and forcible. Great value is added to the work by the preface and notes. In the former he treats of some collateral topics which are omitted in the sermons. He states that the relief from the difficulties connected with the subject are not to be found in calling in question either the duration of punishment or the immor-

tality of its subjects, but in other notices of Holy Scripture respecting its different degrees, its exact pursuance of a moral law, etc. He holds that those who have died in the faith and love of Christ, yet not without faults of temper and conduct, are in Paradise made meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light," which is a very different doctrine from that of Purgatory, and to which Protestants have not given sufficient prominence. Nor does he see any ground for the doctrine that they who have passed out of the world without penitence and faith, shall be admitted to a second probation.

In regard to the objection to the doctrine founded in its supposed opposition to our moral sense, our author asks, "Did Abraham act in compliance with or against his moral sense when (in intention) he offered up Isaac at God's express bidding?" "However," he says again, "let me not be thought to imply that *when all is known*, any *real* discrepancy will ever be found between the statements of God's Word and the indications of the most highly developed and cultivated moral sense."

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF RECTORS, CHURCHWARDENS, AND VESTRYMEN in the American Church. By Henry Mason Baum. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

This work has now been two years before the public, and the favor with which it has been received shows how greatly such a work was needed, and how completely this satisfies the demand. There are large works, such as Hoffman's Law of the Church, Hawks' Constitution and Canons, etc., and several pamphlets, all of more or less value. But what is needed is a manual which contains all the requisite information without being voluminous. This work displays much care and research in the preparation, and gives what every rector, churchwarden, and vestryman ought to know. There should be at least one in every parish.

THE BELLS OF FREIBURG: A Christmas Story. Told by Gottfried Bonsel, father and Son. Written by Austin Clare, author of 'The Carved Cartoon,' 'The Royal Banner,' etc. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; New York: Pott, Young & Co.

A charming story for the holidays, and good as a present for young persons. We were on the point of appropriating it entire for the benefit of our readers, but had not space.

SILVERDALE RECTORY; or, The Golden Links. By Margaret M. Robinson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Our readers can form a better estimate of this book from the interesting chapter we print elsewhere—'Patchwork and Betty Sharplin's Prize'—than from an extended notice. The story is well told throughout. Price $1.

LECTIONARIES. Gathered and Arranged by the Rev. Charles F. Hoffman, M.A., Rector of All Angels' church, New York city. New York: American Church Press.

The editor has compiled with much labor and pains, a comparative table of the lectionaries of the several branches of the Church for the principal days of the ecclesiastical year. Being printed on alternate pages, there is ample room for notes. The book will be valuable to those who are interested in studies of this kind.

Mr. James Pott, so long and favorably known by Churchmen throughout the country, has retired from the firm of Pott, Young & Co., and intends on the 1st of January next to open a Church bookstore at No. 12 Astor Place. At present he is to be found at No. 27 Cooper Union.

HEALTH HINTS TO WOMEN, and the "Danish Cure" explained by Wilhelmine D. Schott. Second Edition. Edited by Frederick J. Newkirk. New York: J. J. Caulon, 20 Vesey street.

The author of this book holds that there is a class of diseases which cannot be cured by medicines, but require mechanical treatment. The "Danish Cure" is a system of manipulation, though differing from the "Swedish Movement" cure. There is no advocacy, however, of exclusively mechanical application. Medicines are used when required, but the principle contended for is that some, and particularly muscular and spinal diseases, often considered incurable, will yield to skilful and judicious manipulation, administered by one who has acquired a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and is acquainted with the laws of muscular action. The volume is a handsome one, printed on toned paper, and the mechanical execution is creditable to the press that prints THE CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

In speaking of *Harper's Magazine* for December, let us have first to do with the serials, two in number. The concluding chapters of 'Washington Square' occupy some fifteen pages. This story terminates as quietly as it began. There have been no exciting passages in it, and few dramatic situations. With a necessarily stupid, though not wholly uninteresting, heroine; a commonplace fortune-hunter; a cold, sarcastic father and a meddlesome aunt, and a half dozen of very ordinary people as *dramatis personæ*, Mr. James has managed to make a very interesting novel, or more properly speaking, a group of character sketches, with a meagre setting of surroundings and events. Who shall say he has not labored under difficulties? The interest in the story consists more in the wondering what the characters will next do and say, than in imagining what will next befall them. The other serial, 'Anne,' of which we have the first two chapters, promises to be one of deep interest, not only because Constance Fenimore Woolson has brought into it characters which have a certain fascination about them from their very natural unrealities, but because she has laid the scene in a favorite spot of hers, a frontier village on one of the northwestern lakes; and also that in this, as in all her writings, she seems to see so far beyond the outside world, into the depths of every human heart which she touches, and reads their inmost thoughts, and translates them in language so delicate that she insinuates and leaves her readers to divine rather than wholly reveal their secrets, which she knows. Another serial is promised next month, by Thomas Hardy. Mr. Abbey has put forth a most admirable full-page illustration of Robert Herrick's poem 'To be Merry.' This, however, is not the only work from this artist. Besides his illustrations of Rose Terry Cooke's short story, he, with Alfred Parsons, has done much to aid Mr. Conway in bringing vividly before us the home of Wordsworth, and all the surrounding scenes so dearly loved by him. In this first of a series of papers about 'English Lakes and their Genii,' the author has scarcely as yet reached the Genii, though he has occupied a goodly portion of the magazine with anecdotes of Wordsworth and his contemporaries, and what they thought and said of him. 'The Sixth Year of Quong See' is the title of an article describing the New Year's celebrations—happening about Feb. 9th—of the dwellers in Chinatown, San Francisco. It is not only an entertaining account of their doings, but may well

be read by those who are trying to solve the social problems of the day. W. H. Beard, under the title of 'The Oldest Institution in the World,' gives vent to a little wholesome sarcasm, which artists and art critics will do well to read. G. F. Muller has written about the 'City of Pittsburgh'; and Walter Shirlaw has done some excellent drawing in illustrating the paper. 'Recent Movements in Woman's Education' is an able article, by Charles F. Thwing. There are perhaps more than the usual number of poems. The Editor's Book Table is an interesting portion at this season.

Scribner's for December opens with the first instalment of a series of papers entitled "Glimpses of Parisian Art," meaning by that term not French, but current Parisian art. There is more said of a certain celebrity than any need requires. But the papers promise well. A very good essay on Sheridan's "Rivals" gives us the history of that play, and incidentally some interesting matter about English comedy. Next we have the fourth paper by M. Sensier on "Jean Francois Millett, Peasant and Painter." There is a highly interesting article on "Hunting the Honey Bee," by Rowland E. Robinson, with charming illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote, Daniel Beard, and F. H. Lungren. Eugene Schuyler's valuable work on "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," is continued with many illustrations. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen contributes an excellent story, "Under the Glacier." John Burroughs tells a hunting story under the name of "One Duck." "A Study in Apparent Death," by Francis Gerry Fairfield, is of thrilling interest, giving the results of his examination of the phenomena produced by Indian fakirs. "The Railroads and the People" is an article which ought to be read and pondered by those who have an interest in the welfare of the country. Large corporations can exercise most mercilessly powers which the Government itself would not dare to assume. Julia Schayer's well-written and interesting story, "Tiger-Lily," is continued. "Alessandro Gavazzi, Patriot and Evangelist," is by John P. Thompson. "Montenegro as We Saw It" is a timely article, handsomely illustrated by R. C. Woodville. A short and well-told story is "The Musician's Ideal," by Gustav Kobbé. Not a bad "Ballade" is "The American Girl," while the accompanying sketch by E. L. Durand is a decided success. Henry Hatton gives another very readable article on "The Secrets of Conjuring." This time the Indian box mystery is explained. In addition to the above, are an article on the "Life of Archibald Forbes," by Kate Field; "East and West," by Marion Muir; "Shakespeare," by Minnie Irving; and the usual interesting miscellany under Topics of the Time, Home and Society, Culture and Progress, The World's Work, and Bric-à-Brac.

'Merry Christmas!' What child, or grown person either, can fail to have one who on that day sees and reads the December number of the *St. Nicholas*? Santa Claus himself appears on the cover, driving his reindeer, but we are sorry to say that for some unknown reason two of them are missing. The contents are varied, as usual, and most of the illustrations are good. After the frontispiece, which is an engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna of the Lily is a beautiful poem by Paul Hamilton Hayne called 'Little Nellie in the Prison.' The Christmas story of the number is an account of a journey to the moon and 'A Christmas Dinner with the Man in the Moon,' by Washington Gladden. It is certainly entertaining, and told in such an earnest way that one feels inclined to say with the author, 'in these days of Edison and Jules Verne no-

thing is incredible.' A striking feature in this magazine is Eva L. Ogden's 'Miller of Dee,' in old Script, and illustrated from beginning to end by Alfred Brennan. Was there ever a serial story that opened more promisingly—of fun—that was so true to boy life, so laughable, so interesting as Rossiter Johnson's 'Phæton Rogers'? And who ever wrote such sensible nonsense, such excellent ridiculous stories as Frank R. Stockton? If any one thinks he can do better, let him first read soberly (if he can) 'The Floating Prince,' and he will relinquish the idea at once. The effect of the story, too, is greatly heightened by E. B. Bensell's six illustrations. A new serial, which bids fair to be not only entertaining, but instructive, is 'In Nature's Wonderland,' by Felix L. Oswald. The rest of the number is made up of good things—from 'Myrto's Festival,' by Lizzie Champney, to the end of 'The Riddle Box.'

An extremely interesting story, 'A Tree in Odenwald,' opens *Appletons' Journal* for December. 'Paris Two Years Before the Revolution' is a diary of a ramble of three young men in Paris. The war in Afghanistan has drawn no little attention to that wild and little known country. Under the title of 'The Roof of the World' is an account of a journey in that remote region in 1838, by Lieut. Wood of the Indian Navy. There is a brilliant anecdotal paper on Alexandre Dumas the elder. A. J. Faust contributes a paper of great value and interest on 'Memory.' There is a chapter from Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Times, on 'The Literature of the Victorian Reign,' and also a review of McCarthy's History itself. 'The Dog's Universe' is an anecdotal, natural-historical, and metaphysical paper of varied information and curious speculation. There is an essay on the writings of an unappreciated poet, Clarence Mangan. 'Sectional Fiction' is the title of a severe criticism of two late works, 'A Fool's Errand' and 'Bricks Without Straw.' A second paper on 'Anecdotes of English Rural Life' we transfer to our pages. In the Editor's Table is a discussion of Richard Grant White's letters on the evils of our public school system.

The Rev. Henry M. Baum has become the proprietor of the *American Church Review*, which will appear in its old form as a quarterly, and will be issued on the 1st of January, April, July, and October, from the office of Mr. James Pott, 12 Astor Place, New York.

One great need of the Church is now in a fair way of being supplied. Mr. Baum brings to this revival of the Review, enterprise, experience, and capital. In his published list of contributors, are to be found the names of some of the most able writers among the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church. There are also the names of the Bishop of Edinburgh, Chancellor Cazenove, Walter Besant, Hyacinthe Loyson, Gabriel Monod, Dr. Geike, Bishop Herzog, the Princess Dora d'Istria, the Rev. Dr. Nevin, and Prof. C. F. Gabba, LL.D.

The following is the list of contents for the January number: 'The History and Present State of the Old Catholic Reform,' by the Right Rev. Edward Herzog, D.D., Switzerland; 'The Ritual of the Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland,' by the Rev. George F. Siegmund, D.D., New York, and the Rev. Charles R. Hale, D.D., Baltimore; 'The General Convention of 1880,' by the Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D., New York; 'The General Convention of 1880: Is Dakota a Diocese?' by the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Williamsport; 'Christianity the Conserving Power of Modern Society,' by the Rev. Walton W. Battershall, D.D., Albany; 'Founding a Hospital,' by the Rev. Clinton Locke, D.D., Chicago; 'The Influence of Wordsworth's Poetry,' by the Rev. Prof. Edwin E. Johnson, M.A., Hartford; 'A Famous Religious Epic of the Sixteenth Century,' by Prof. Francis Philip Nash, LL.B., Baltimore; 'Divorce,' by Prof. C. F. Gabba, LL.D., Italy; Book Reviews and Notices.

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The Words of the Lord Jesus—How He Appealed to the Sacred Scriptures.

Text to be Learned.

WHATSOEVER THINGS WERE WRITTEN AFORETIME, WERE WRITTEN FOR OUR LEARNING, THAT WE THROUGH PATIENCE AND COMFORT OF THE SCRIPTURES MIGHT HAVE HOPE.—Rom. xv. 4.

The Lesson—St. John v. 39-47.

39. Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me.
40. And ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.
41. I receive not honor from men.
42. But I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.
43. I am come in My Father's name, and ye receive Me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive.
44. How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?
45. Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust.
46. For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me; for he wrote of Me.
47. But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe My words?

"We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write," were the words with which Philip announced to Nathanael the tidings that the long-expected Messiah had come. Had the Lord Jesus been able to exhibit every token of His Messiahship save this one, the testimony of the Scriptures to His person and work, He would have been unable to speak by authority, and thus command the belief of the Jew. But while He had in His behalf the testimony of John, the witness of His miracles, and the holiness of His doctrines, there was still another which the Jews claimed would be more satisfactory than either—the testimony of the Old Testament Scriptures. Knowing the importance of this weapon, not only the Saviour Himself, but the Evangelists and Apostles after Him, wielded it with great power. They constantly appeal to this witness. In St. Matthew, particularly, there is repeatedly a recurrence of the words "These things were done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken," etc. "That it might be fulfilled," was equivalent to saying that when this was done, such and such a Scripture was fulfilled. St. Matthew wrote in Hebrew for the benefit of the Jews; hence he, more emphatically than the others, proves, out of the very Scriptures themselves, that Jesus must be the Christ, for all the marks of the Messiah are found in Him. This is still the most weighty argument used in controversy with the Jews.

In the lesson before us we find our Lord, in addressing His countrymen, resorting to this argument. They acknowledged their willingness to be guided by their Scriptures in deciding the claims of any one to the Messiahship. In fact, on one occasion they supposed that they had formed, from these Scriptures, a final decision of the case of Jesus of Nazareth. For, supposing Him to have been born in that city, they said "Search and look; for out of Nazareth ariseth no prophet." They did not, as honest inquirers would have done, investigate the common rumor, and ascertain its truth or falsity.

In this conversation He says, in substance, "You look for the way of eternal life through the Scriptures, and accordingly search them. They

testify of Me, from Whom alone that life can come. But the great obstacle in the way of your conviction is your wills. Without testing fairly My claims by the Scriptures, you decided that I was not the Messiah, and having done this, you obstinately refuse to come to Me. I do not speak thus in reference to being honored by you. For it is not from your love for God that you bestow honor upon any person; if it were, you would not lightly reject the claims of One coming to you in the name of God, and appealing to His Word. There will be a time when false prophets and false Christs shall come in their own name, bringing no such credentials as I present, and they will find many followers among you.* And if this is your disposition to give and receive honor one from another, you cannot believe One who claims no honor but that which comes from above. It is not necessary for Me to accuse you; your own prophet Moses wrote of Me, and testified of Me. Ye profess your belief in him, and you do honor him with your lips. But an evil heart, full of hate and prejudice, by its own acts shuts itself out from the possibility of understanding Moses' words. Until this obstacle is removed you cannot believe his writings, and of course you cannot believe My words."

QUESTIONS.

1. What does the word Scripture mean? Writing.

2. What do we mean, then, by the Holy Scriptures? The Holy Writings contained in the Bible.

3. What makes them holy? Because they are given by inspiration.

4. How were they given? By holy men of old, whom the Holy Ghost taught.

5. How is the Bible divided? Into the Old Testament and the New.

6. What is the Old Testament? That which was written before Christ came.

7. What is the New Testament? That which was written after He came.

8. In which part is the coming of Christ foretold? In the Old Testament.

9. In which do we find an account of His coming and the story of His life? In the New Testament.

10. For what else were the Scriptures given? To teach us how to live and how to die.

11. What purpose is mentioned in the text to be learned to-day? For our learning.

12. What is to be gained by the learning we thus obtain? Through patience and comfort of the Scriptures we have hope.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. To what Scriptures did our Saviour refer? To the Old Testament; the New had not been written.

14. Why, then, is it our duty to "search the Scriptures" of the New Testament as well? Because that is as much an inspired Book as the Old.

15. What was the meaning of the words "In them ye think ye have eternal life"? The Jews, to whom our Lord spake, did "search the Scriptures," because they believed that in them was revealed the way of eternal life.

16. Of Whom did those Scriptures testify? Of Jesus Christ.

17. If, then, the Jews believed and searched the Scriptures, and the Scriptures testified of Jesus Christ, why did they not receive Him? Verse 40.

18. What remarkable difference was there between our Lord and the Scribes and Pharisees? Verse 41; Matt. xxiii. 5, first clause.

* Josephus tells of a Jew, who afterward came from Egypt, and with no credentials but his own boasting, drew around him 30,000 followers.

19. When something new is brought before us, how do we decide whether to believe or reject it? From the evidence.

20. But may not persons remain in unbelief even if the evidence is sufficient? They may.

21. What hinders their belief in such case? Their disposition is not right.

22. Give an example. Verse 44.

23. Where did our Saviour tell His countrymen that they would find sufficient evidence of His Messiahship? In the writings of Moses.

24. Quote from the writings of Moses some of the references to Christ? Gen. xlix. 10; Num. xxi. 9; Deut. xviii. 15–18.

CATECHISM.

Question. Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe, and to do as they have promised for thee?

Answer. Yes verily; and by God's help so I will. And I heartily thank our Heavenly Father that He hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. And I pray unto God to give me His grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.

THE COLLECT.

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy holy Word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

What He said of St. John the Baptist.

Text to be Learned.

BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. St. Matt. vi. 10.

The Lesson—St. Luke vii. 24-28.

24. And when the messengers of John were departed, He began to speak unto the people concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?

25. But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts.

26. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet.

27. This is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

28. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.

St. John the Baptist was a cousin of our Lord; and although the youth and manhood of each had been spent in different places, yet of course the great forerunner must have known his greater Lord full well. This, however, is certain: John did not know the full import of Jesus' mission. Possibly he, with others of his countrymen, may have supposed that there was to appear before the coming of the Lord, not only one "in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers" (which office John himself was to hold), but also "that prophet" concerning whom the multitudes inquired when they went to him in the wilderness. The Baptist's own testimony was that He who had sent him to be the forerunner, had given him a sign by which the Messiah should be recognized. When Jesus came to be baptized, John attested his knowledge of Him as bearing a mission superior to his own; for he said "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me?" Still he could bear record: "I knew Him not, but He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon Whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost."

John's disciples followed and remained steadfast to him, even when he was cast into prison. And possibly, as zealous disciples are wont to do, grew jealous of the fame of Jesus. Again and again had John attested "I am not the Christ." "There cometh One after me Who is preferred be-

fore me." "He must increase, but I must decrease." "I baptize with water, but He shall baptize with the Holy Ghost." "He is mightier than I." "The latchet of Whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." And now that John was in prison, it was important that his disciples should know, from their own observation, Him whom he had told them was "The Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world." He accordingly sends two of his disciples with the inquiry "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Without replying directly, He permits them to stand by and witness the miracles wrought by Him. "In the same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits." He pointed to these signs and said "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen." This was a sufficient answer to their inquiry.

John's disciples returned to their master, possibly with disparaging impressions. And lest those who witnessed this interview should be disposed to deprecate the greatness of the Baptist's work, our Lord bore witness to the exalted nature of his mission. He reminds them of the time when the vast crowds packed the highways leading "from Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about," to go and listen to the rough-clad and ascetic prophet, whose denunciations spared none of the hypocritical children of Abraham. They reverenced him then. It was no common and trifling sight like "a reed shaken with the wind"; it was no mere orator whose words could rouse, but whose life was effeminate; but a prophet, and much more than a prophet, for he had himself been foretold in prophecy; nay, even the Almighty had said of him: "Behold I will send My messenger before Me." Not one of all the illustrious line, from Moses down, bore message so important to the world as his. Of all that were born of woman, there was none greater than John the Baptist.

But he was of the old dispensation. He preached before the Son of God was made manifest, before the world had listened to the words of God incarnate, and before God the Holy Ghost had come down in the plenitude of His power at Pentecost. The holiness of John was derived to him from the law. His blessedness came from the kingdom of which he obtained a glimpse in the future. He that is least in the kingdom of God derives his holiness from the dispensation of the Spirit under which he lives, and his blessedness from the new covenant in the kingdom of God, which was the theme of all the prophets of old.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was St. John the Baptist? The son of Elizabeth, and the cousin of the Lord Jesus.

2. What was his appearance, and how did he live? His clothes were made of camel's hair, and his food was locusts and wild honey.

3. For what was he sent to preach and baptize? To prepare the way of the Lord.

4. How did he do this? By rebuking people for their sins, and calling them to repent.

5. For which advent of Christ did John prepare the way? For His first advent.

6. Who are to prepare the way for His second advent? The ministers and stewards of His mysteries.

7. Who are they? The lawful ministers of the Church.

8. How are they to prepare for Christ's second coming to judge the world? By preaching repentance and forgiveness of sins.

9. What will be the consequence if people profit by such ministry? They will be found an acceptable people in His sight.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

10. What question did John send his disciples to ask of the Lord Jesus? Verse 19, last clause.

11. What was meant by "He that should come"? The Messiah.

12. Did our Lord confess Himself to be the Messiah? No.

13. What answer did they receive? They saw some of His wonderful miracles.

14. What answer then did the Saviour give? Verse 22.

15. John was the cousin of our Lord, and therefore knew Him. But how did he know that He was the Messiah? John i. 33.

16. As then he knew Jesus to be the Christ, why did he send to inquire? So that his disciples might hear and see for themselves.

17. When the disciples of John had gone back to their master, what did the Saviour say concerning John? Verse 24, last half.

18. What did this mean? Did "ye go out to see a very common sight, such as may be seen at any time in the wilderness?"

19. To what next did He contrast John? Verse 25.

20. What did He say that John was? Verse 26.

21. Why was he more than a prophet? Because he was the forerunner of the Messiah. Verse 27.

22. In what sense can the least one, living under the Christian dispensation, or "in the kingdom of God," be said to be greater than John the Baptist? He is enjoying greater opportunities, privileges, and blessings.

CATECHISM.

Rehearse the Articles of thy belief.

Answer. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who at Thy first coming didst send Thy messenger to prepare Thy way before Thee, grant that the ministers and stewards of Thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready Thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at Thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in Thy sight, Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

How He Declared that Men would be Separated.

Text to be Learned.

FOR WE MUST ALL APPEAR BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST THAT EVERY ONE MAY RECEIVE ACCORDING TO THE THINGS DONE IN THE BODY, ACCORDING TO THAT HE HATH DONE, WHETHER IT BE GOOD OR BAD. 2 Cor. v. 10.

The Lesson—St. Matthew xxv. 31-46.

31. When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory:

32. And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33. And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left.

34. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in:

36. Naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.

37. Then shall the righteous answer Him

saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee; or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?

38. When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in; or naked, and clothed Thee?

39. Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?

40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

41. Then shall He say unto them on the left hand, Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

42. For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink:

43. I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not.

44. Then shall they also answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?

45. Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.

46. And these shall go away unto everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.

Our Lord was delivering His last instructions to His disciples. Warning them of the approaching judgment which was to overtake their city and nation, he looked forward, after the manner of the prophets, to that further and last judgment of which the destruction of Jerusalem was but a type and figure. All prophetic language is highly figurative; many of the symbols having been derived, it is said, from hieroglyphic writings, in which the sun and moon denoted kings and queens, and eclipse or extinction their final overthrow. We are not, therefore, in reading the predictions of this and the preceding chapters, to suppose that the words describing the shaking of the powers of heaven, the falling of the stars, and the darkening of the sun and moon, were to be strictly realized. But when He tells His disciples that distress was to come; that there was to be great tribulation, surpassing all that had before befallen any nation; that of the temple there was not to be left one stone upon another which should not be thrown down—all this we know to have been fearfully real.

But having described the judgment which was to fall upon Jerusalem, he now turns to the judgment of the last day, "when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all His holy angels with Him." Then is to be the great separation of the just from the unjust, and each is to be allotted his place forever. One might at first be surprised to observe that while the Christian law is enforced by the awful considerations of the death and sacrifice of the Redeemer, and while He Himself declared that he that believeth not the Gospel, shall be damned; yet judgment is here pronounced—not according as one has believed and obeyed the Gospel—not according to his receiving or rejecting Christ, but according to his discharging the duties of natural virtue. But it will be observed that this judgment extends to "all nations"; as well to those who have not received the Gospel, as to those who have. As we are to be judged for the neglect of any duty whatever, God will of course judge Christian nations by the law of Christ—which includes all the natural virtues, such as mercy and kindness to the unfortunate and distressed. But even they who never heard of the Gospel, will be rewarded for the discharge of such acts as are done according to the light they have, and "show the law written in their hearts." They who feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, receive the stranger, clothe the naked, and visit the prisoners, have hearts open to the truth when it shall be presented to them. The righteous express their surprise that they should be commended for thus ministering to their Lord; and the wicked are also surprised on being informed that they neglected or treated with harshness Him who now

charges them with their guilt. But both now learn that these suffering ones were only His representatives here upon earth. It is to be observed that in the condemnation there is no charge made of actual crimes, but of neglects of duty—"Ye did it not."

The sentence pronounced upon the righteous is "Come, ye blessed"; and upon the wicked "Depart, ye cursed." It is also said of the righteous that they shall go into life eternal. There can be no doubt of the meaning of this—that the life into which they go is never to end. Of the wicked it is said that they are to go into everlasting punishment. In the original, the same word expresses both conditions. If one is to endure forever, so is the other. If one is but temporary, so is the other.

Again, suppose the Lord had in mind and desired to teach the truth, that the punishment of the wicked should never end. Could He possibly have expressed Himself differently? Can any one put such a doctrine in stronger and more expressive language than is here used? The separation, therefore, of the righteous and wicked is final and forever.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is to happen to us all after death? We are to be summoned to judgment.

2. When is this to be? At the last day.

3. Who is to be the Judge? The Lord Jesus Christ.

4. For what are we to be judged? For what we have done while in this life.

5. Are we to be judged for our good actions only? No, but for the bad as well as the good.

6. What will the Judge do at the last day? Separate the righteous from the wicked.

7. Where will He place the righteous? On the right hand.

8. Where will He place the wicked? On the left hand?

9. What will He say to the righteous? Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

10. What will become of the righteous? They will go into life eternal.

11. What will become of the wicked? They will go away unto everlasting punishment.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. Who is meant by the Son of Man?

13. What is meant by placing the righteous on the right hand, and the wicked on the left? One is the place of honor, the other of dishonor.

14. In what sense are deeds of mercy to the unfortunate done to Christ? He accepts them as done to Himself.

15. What is meant by 'the kingdom' of Christ? His Church.

16. What does His 'kingdom' also mean? The condition of the blessed in heaven.

17. What is referred to in verse 34? The happiness of the blessed in heaven.

18. What is the conditionof obtaining the kingdom of heaven? Faithful service of God in His kingdom on earth.

19. What do eternal and everlasting mean? For ever and ever: without end.

CATECHISM.

Question. What dost thou chiefly learn in these Articles of thy Belief?

Answer. First, I learn to believe in God the Father, Who hath made me, and all the world; secondly, in God the Son, Who hath redeemed me and all mankind; thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, Who sanctifieth me, and all the people of God.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, raise up, we pray Thee, Thy power, and come among us, and with great might succor us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, Thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us, through the satisfaction of Thy Son our Lord, to

Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

He Declares Himself the Bread of Life.

Text to be Learned.

WE BELIEVE AND ARE SURE THAT THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD. St. John vi. 69.

The Lesson.—St. John vi. 33–40.

33. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.
34. Then said they unto Him, Lord, evermore give us this bread.
35. And Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.
36. But I said unto you, that ye also have seen Me, and believe not.
37. All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.
38. For I came down from heaven not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me.
39. And this is the Father's will, which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.
40. And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.

These words form part of a discourse of our Lord at Capernaum. It will be necessary to call to mind the attending circumstances.

On the east side of the Sea of Galilee our Lord had wrought a wonderful miracle, feeding with five barley loaves and two small fishes a multitude consisting of about five thousand men, besides women and children. Dismissing the concourse, He retires as usual to the solitude of the mountain for prayer, while the disciples take a vessel, perhaps with the intention of going farther up the lake on the same side. A violent storm, however, arises, and drives the vessel out of her course. Very early in the morning the Saviour appears, walking upon the water. Being received on board, the sea becomes calm, and the vessel reaches the haven at once. The multitude knew that the disciples had taken a boat, and that the Lord had not. But not finding Him in the morning, they procure some other vessels, and cross over to Capernaum. Here, to their astonishment, they find the Lord and His disciples. Expressing their surprise, He replied to them, "Ye seek Me not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled." Rebuking them, He calls upon them to labor not for the food that perishes, but for that which endures to eternal life, and which He would give them. They ask how they shall do the work of God. He replies that they must believe on Him Whom the Father had sent to them.

With the thought undoubtedly in their minds, of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves, which they had witnessed on the previous day; and there being a saying that "as their first Redeemer made manna descend from heaven for them, so should their second Redeemer do," they said that manna was given their fathers in the desert, and now "what sign showest Thou"? The reply was that the bread which He was to give them was not material bread, like that which Moses gave them, but the true bread.

Up to this point the Saviour's words, if enigmatical, were understood by the Jews, for they were familiar with the use of material food as figuring intellectual and spiritual nourishment. Solomon represents Wisdom as crying "Come, eat of my bread and drink of the wine that I have mingled" (Prov. ix. 5). And the Talmudists say that "all eating and drinking mentioned in the Book of Ecclesiastes relates to the law and good works." They also said that manna signified "the food of the just in the world to come"; others, it was "a type of eternal life." The multitude, therefore, were not unfamiliar with bread

as a type of the food of the soul. When, therefore, the Lord said "The bread of God is He (rather *that*) which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world," they immediately reply "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

He now directs attention to his own person, and the doctrine of the Incarnation is the only possible explanation of His words. Understand that Christ is God, and by being clothed in the flesh, thus unites the divine and human natures in one person, and we at once perceive that there is thus in Him a medium and channel through which all the heavenly blessings come to man. Manna was material food: it came from the lower heaven. Jesus is the food of the soul, coming to us from the highest heaven, for into His human nature the Godhead had poured all the heavenly gifts.

When, therefore, they said "Lord, evermore give us this bread," He begins to unfold the doctrine of the Incarnation: "I am the Bread of Life." To partake of this bread they must come to Him—*i. e.*, they must believe in Him. They who do this, will neither hunger nor thirst any more. Similar language had been used in the discourse with the woman of Samaria: "Whosoever shall drink the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." But He warns them that they who were now standing before Him, could not be saved at the last unless they thus came to Him in faith. They had just demanded a sign of Him: "What sign showest Thou?" And this demand was made by the very ones who had witnessed the miraculous feeding of the five thousand on the previous day. Ye have seen Me, and yet ye believe not. And then with prophetic gaze looking forward to the time when the Gentiles should be gathered into His kingdom, He says all that the Father giveth Me —those other sheep not of this fold—they who shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God—all these shall come to Me in faith. If ye would share their blessedness, ye must come in like manner, and they who do thus come I will in no wise cast out.

The bread which comes down from heaven must fulfil the office for which it is sent. And Jesus, though God, yet coming as Mediator, fulfils the mission on which He was sent into the world; and though "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," yet is He doing the will of Him that sent Him.

And what is this will? Our Lord states it. He is not alluding to impenitent sinners, but keeping close to the topic upon which He had been speaking—how they might work the works of God, how they might come to Him —He declares the will of God in reference to those who comply with the conditions which He has laid down—not one of those thus "given" Him by the Father; in other words, not one who "seeth the Son and believeth on Him" but shall be raised up at the last day, and shall have eternal life. But if the doctrine of the resurrection of the body was known and commonly believed among the Jews, why should the Lord speak as though the being raised at the last day were something which was to be bestowed upon His disciples alone? Because He had but a few moments before spoken of Himself as the Bread of Life, and His hearers might infer that they who saw and believed in Him would never die. "He explains, therefore, that Christian men, after being so nourished, must taste of death, but by virtue of such participation will be restored to life eternal. 'For doth any man doubt (asks Hooker) but that even

from the flesh of Christ our very bodies do receive that life which shall make them glorious at the latter day, and from which they are already accounted parts of His blessed body?'"

QUESTIONS.

1. What great miracle had the Lord wrought immediately before this? He had fed five thousand people with five barley loaves and two small fishes.

2. What did that multitude now want Him to do? Show a sign from heaven.

3. What kind of a sign did they ask? Such as Moses had shown.

4. What sign was that? He had fed the Israelites with manna.

5. What was manna? Bread from heaven.

6. What did Jesus say was the true bread from heaven? "He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

7. Who came down from heaven and giveth life to the world? Jesus Christ.

8. What, then, is He to the world? The Bread of Life.

9. If we go without food and drink, what will be the consequence? We shall hunger and thirst.

10. How are our souls to be kept from hungering and thirsting? By being supplied with spiritual food.

11. What did our Lord say of those who come to Him and believe in Him? They shall never hunger and never thirst.

12. What does that mean? That the Lord Jesus has provided for our souls all they need for eternal life.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. What did our Lord say in reference to the manna with which Moses fed the Israelites? Verse 33.

14. What does Solomon employ the figure of bread and wine to express? The benefits of wisdom (Prov. ix. 5).

15. What had the Saviour previously promised those who received the water of life from Him? John iv. 14.

16. What promise is held out by Isaiah to the people of God? Isa. xlix. 10, first part.

17. What is promised to the blessed in heaven? Rev. vii. 16.

18. What does the Lord here promise to him who comes to Him and believes on Him? Verse 35.

19. To what did He refer when He said they saw Him, and yet did not believe? To the miracle they had lately witnessed (verses 5–13).

20. What is the explanation of verse 37? Verse 44.

21. How are we to understand this? The Father draws men by the influence of the Spirit. They are thus enabled, but not compelled, to believe And "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

22. Where else had our Lord declared what is expressed in verse 38? John iv. 34.

23. Had our Saviour two natures? Yes, the divine and the human.

24. In what sense does He speak of Himself here? As Man.

25. What truth did He here teach? That the human will in His person was conformed to the divine will.

CATECHISM.

Question. You said that your Sponsors did promise for you that you should keep God's Commandments. Tell me how many there are?

Answer. Ten.

Q.. Which are they?

A. The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, Who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shall have none other gods but me.

II. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them. For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and show mercy unto thousands in them that love Me, and keep My Commandments.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, Who hast given us Thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin, grant that we, being regenerate and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit, through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.